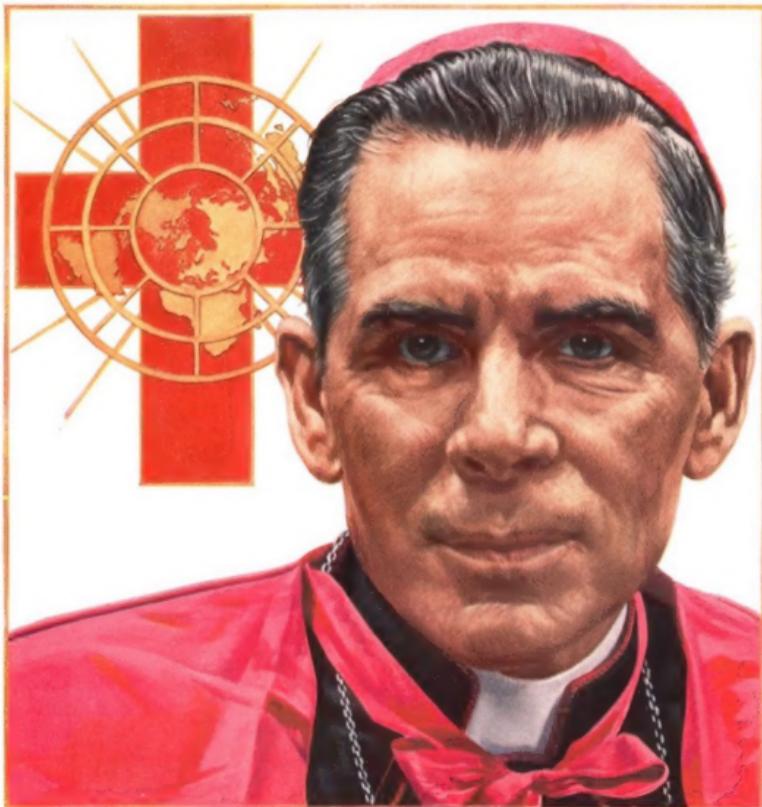


TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 14, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN
No Easter without Good Friday.

50.00 A YEAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. LIX NO. 15

NOW—a fine car that meets every test of modern living

Lincoln

for 1952

IN TWO INCOMPARABLE SERIES—

THE Cosmopolitan — *THE Capri*



NEW GLASS-WALL VISIBILITY—Lincoln, too, surrounds you with glass—3271 square inches all around. With chair-high seats and down-sweep hood, even the daintiest woman driver can see the right front fender—see the road in front and way ahead. Every line has a reason.



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim like listed are subject to change without notice. White-wall tires, when available, optional at extra cost.



NEW FLIGHT-LIKE POWER—There's ready-to-fly excitement in Lincoln's completely new, overhead-valve, high-compression, V-8 engine. With HYDRA-MATIC Transmission (as standard equipment) and new ball-joint front suspension (first on an American production line car), steering and handling are astonishingly effortless.

NEW VERSATILE SMARTNESS—Beauty with purpose. Right for trip or town, a business car, a family car—with more leg and head room, more room in the luggage compartment. Yet smartly sized to thread through traffic, park easily, fit your garage. Designed for modern living.



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lima ... and a ... llama

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
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Because "Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline, it brings out the top power of your engine. Try a tankful today and see if it doesn't make a powerful difference in the performance of your car. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)



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Lovin' another man!
Is that what you call
bein' honest?
That's just givin' it a
nice name!"



The drama they play out is probably the most outspoken you've ever seen!

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BASED ON THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS



It breathes Success

As a man finds himself moving up in the world, he also finds himself demanding more of the car he owns.

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He wants spaciousness in his car, just as he wants spaciousness in his office or home.

He wants fine fabrics and fine tailoring in the car he drives, just as he wants fine tailoring in the clothes he wears.

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He wants to feel that his car is an exemplar of engineering resourcefulness and ingenuity, and that a

good car, like a good servant, should perform its tasks with respectful silence.

And he wants a good investment. But this doesn't complete the list. Secretly, any man also wants a car that will be a bold companion, sensitive as a thing alive, ready for fun when he yearns for relaxation.

We had all these things in mind when we engineered this year's Buick ROADMASTER.

Its high-compression Fireball 8 Engine turns up the highest horsepower in its distinguished history.

It's custom built, custom tailored, and so generously dimensioned that no other car exceeds it in over-all spaciousness.

It has, literally, a million dollar ride, and the infinite flexibility of Dynaflow Drive.

Its ingenious Airpower

carburetor lets loose a mighty reserve of power, and yet combines air with fuel so skilfully that it adds extra miles to its cruising range.

Buick's own Power Steering[†] takes over four-fifths of the effort in slow-speed maneuvers, lets you enjoy a supremely satisfying sense of command with a wide straight road ahead.

And the spirit with which this ROADMASTER does these things? That's something that you need to know by personal experience, which is something your Buick dealer will proudly arrange at your convenience. Won't you call him soon?

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your Hertz reservation through the Hertz Rail-Auto or Plane-Auto Travel Plan or the railroad or airline reservation office, or your travel agency. Insist on Hertz for dependable service and proper insurance protection.

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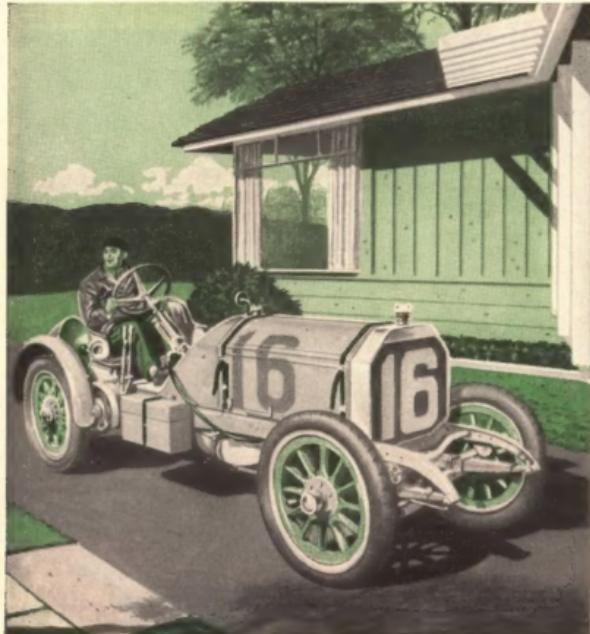
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Can you identify this car?



IT'S "OLD 16," famous Locomobile owned by artist Peter Helck, Boston Corners, N. Y. Winner of the Vanderbilt Elimination Trials in 1906 and the Vanderbilt Cup in 1908, it had a top speed of 112 mph. Constant care keeps it in tip-top shape. "There's no finer protection for any car," says Mr. Helck, "than Quaker State."

LETTERS

Rocky Roads to Washington

Sir:

... If the 1952 election boils down to a race between a Hoover-type Republican and a polecat, the race will be close but you can bet on the polecat. ... The Republicans will find victory only if they present to the people a liberal humanitarian, someone who will let the public know they have a friend.

JAMES J. CAVELLA

Philadelphia

Sir:

... This year the Republican Party has a fine opportunity to oust the corrupt machine that has misgoverned us since 1932. Let us take advantage of this and pick the best man, Mr. Republican, himself ...

F. JOHNSON

Philadelphia

Sir:

Senator Estes Kefauver is doubtless a worthy man. But when, on your cover of March 24, I saw that grin, under those horn-rimmed specs, under that coonskin cap, with the coon's little tail adangling, I thought: heaven help us, is that a potential President of these United States? ... Look at pictures

of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Jackson, Webster—any really great American. You don't see those men grinning as if life were a big baha ...

RUSSELL MITCHELTREE

Woodbury, Conn.

Sir:

If you had a Congress full of Kefauvers, instead of the weaseling corkscrews who fill most of its seats and give their allegiance to

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TIME
April 14, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 15

PLYMOUTH

announces

Automatic Overdrive

Overdrive combines with other new features to give Plymouth owners still greater economy and comfort



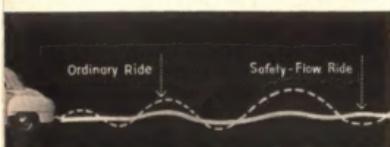
When you reach about 25 miles per hour, you simply lift your foot from the accelerator for an instant. Presto—you're automatically in Plymouth's new Overdrive! The engine slows down 30 per cent but you and your Plymouth go sailing along with undiminished road speed.



It's as easy to get out of Plymouth's new Overdrive as it is to get in! Just step down all the way on the pedal and you're back in conventional gear ratio. Or, if your car speed drops below about 22 miles per hour, you automatically "downshift" into direct drive. It's as simple as that! Or, for special driving conditions, you can disengage the Overdrive entirely.



Shown above, the Plymouth Belvedere—equipment and trim on all models subject to availability of materials.



↑ One of the great comfort features of the new Plymouth is the sensational Safety-Flow Ride. This is the result of a combination of engineering factors, including the famous Oriflow Shock Absorbers which provide more than two times the cushioning power of the ordinary type.

For greater driving comfort, the new Plymouth offers Solex Safety Glass as optional equipment at slight extra cost. Reduces glare from the sun. And because this glass helps keep out the heat-producing infrared rays of the sun, it makes summer motoring more comfortable.



Increased economy is provided by Plymouth's new Cyclobond brake linings, replacing the riveted type. With greater usable thickness, Cyclobond linings last much longer, making possible a sizable saving for the Plymouth owner. They also increase braking area.

The place to get the complete details about all of the features in the new Plymouth is at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. He'll be glad to make arrangements for a demonstration drive. **Plymouth**

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



"Our G-E Freezer saves us \$156 a year." Mrs. E. M. Lounsbury, Andover, Mass.



"Saved \$132 each year for the past 4 years!" Mr. H. O. Taylor, Lakewood, Ohio.



"Our G-E Freezer saves us a lot more than \$120." Mrs. A. W. Buehl, Clayton, Mo.

Many families say that they

Save \$120 each year
with a G-E Food Freezer



Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

New 1952 G-E Food Freezer is designed for today's compact homes!

Never before have you seen a food freezer for the home as fine and efficient as this one.

This full 11-cu-ft G-E Food Freezer holds 389 pounds of frozen foods. Yet it takes little floor space, for it is only 48" in length and 32" wide. It occupies no more floor space than the previous 8-cu-ft G-E Freezer.

Built into this spacious freezer are

new engineering advancements and new convenience features that are not available in any other freezer.

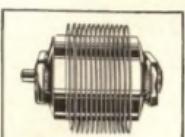
Before you invest in any freezer, then, isn't it a good idea to become fully acquainted with this new, remarkable General Electric Food Freezer? See it at your G-E dealer's now. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.



20% quieter than previous, quiet G-E models. G-E puts nature to work—uses a natural draft instead of fans.



Even a small woman can reach into every corner of the G-E Freezer. It is only 25 inches deep and yet it holds so much!



Cost 13 per cent less to operate than former economical models! G-E Freezers are fundamentally thrifty.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

string-pulling moneybags on the outside, you would have a better country . . .

JEAN THURMAN

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir:

. . . Kefauver will never get to first base as a presidential candidate . . .

TOM CUSHING

Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

The belittling tone in your Kefauver cover story puzzles me . . . [It] has him supporting only "in theory" my "visionary plan for Atlantic Union." Since the Atlantic Union resolution which he sponsored is also backed by more than one-fourth of the members of both Houses of Congress—including such Senators as George, Carlson, Thye—and by such other conservatives as Justice Owen J. Roberts, Will Clayton, Joseph Grew, John McCloy, John Foster Dulles, James Wadsworth, Paul Litchfield, Harry Bullis (to name but a few), I take it that "visionary" is a compliment in your lexicon, and I thank you. But I must testify that Senator Kefauver has supported it not only "in theory," but in season and out—and so vigorously as to take Secretary Acheson sharply to task for holding up this resolution . . .

CLARENCE STREIT

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I fall to comprehend why the American people are displaying such enthusiasm for Eisenhower for President. People know almost nothing of the general's philosophy of government and his stand on vital issues confronting the people at this time. During the war he had a wonderful job in which he had a staff made up of the best military minds . . . No decision, no plan, no strategy can be said to have been that of Eisenhower alone . . .

H. S. JONES

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Eisenhower had a difficult decision to make—until the Dixiecrats threw Richard B. Russell's hat into the ring . . . Ike could help synthesize a movement that would end the monopoly of important chairmanships in congressional committees now held by Dixiecrats on a seniority basis. Like "Old Man River," Southern Congressmen keep ailing on—due to Democratic Party control in the South.

A switch to Republicanism in the South could be the most important social development in 1952. The answer is Ike—in July and November too!

LYLE G. SORENSEN

Opportunity, Wash.

Sir:

Cicero, in his *De Officis* 1:72, said: "But those whom Nature has endowed with the capacity for administering public affairs should put aside all hesitation, enter the race for public office, and take a hand in directing the government; for in no other way can a government be administered or greatness of spirit be made manifest . . ." Isn't that a clear call for Eisenhower?

W. T. RADIUS

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sir:

. . . Both the Republicans and the Democrats should select Eisenhower as the presidential candidate, and each party should nominate its own vice presidential candidate. Thus he could be on one ticket with Earl Warren as a running mate, and on the other with Adlai Stevenson.

The election of the Vice President would evidence the domestic policy decisions of the people. Then in choosing the Cabinet



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THE POWER YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT

1. Powerful High-Compression Engine
2. Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive*
3. High-Performance Economy Axle

This brilliant Dual-Range* performer is the greatest Pontiac ever built—and a revelation to drive! In Traffic Range Pontiac gives you amazing pep, alertness and flexibility. In Cruising Range you glide over the miles so smoothly, so economically it's almost like coasting. The one way to get the full story is to see your Pontiac Dealer and drive this spectacular performer *yourself* . . . it's a revelation on the road!

*Optional at extra cost.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

members on internal matters, the new President could be guided by the expressed preference of the people.

GORDON W. LEVY

Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

Has no one remembered that when General Eisenhower takes off his uniform he is going to look like just a man instead of a god? . . .

MRS. FRED NORTON
Findlay, Ohio



The Thud of Adjectives

Sir:

"Douglas MacArthur, in fine, old-fashioned prose . . . [Speaking at Little Rock, Ark.—TIME, March 31]. No wonder it sounds old-fashioned. It's a rehash of an address to veterans of the Rainbow Division at a reunion in Washington in 1935. See Rovere and Schlesinger, *The General and the President*, page 37.

"Ghosts in olive drab and sky blue and German grey pass before our eyes; voices that have stolen away in the echoes from the battlefield no more ring out. The faint, far whisper of forgotten songs no longer floats through the air. Youth . . . strength . . . aspirations . . . struggles . . . triumphs . . . despairs . . . wide winds sweeping . . . beacons flashing across uncharted depths . . . movements . . . vividness . . . radiance . . . shadows . . . faint bugles sounding reveille . . . far drums beating the long roll . . . the crash of guns . . . the rattle of musketry . . . the still white crosses . . . And now we are met to remember."

He has updated it with "the wall of sirens . . . the thud of bombs."

JEANNETTE ELDER

Chicago

Scalpel & Chisel

Sir:

Your March 24 report on the fraudulent practices of the 200 or more doctors who sent in phony reports to the California Physicians' Service, in order to collect for services not rendered, is an excellent example of the "white collar" racketeering that is tolerated by an apathetic public these days.

This evidence of the questionable ethics and anti-social values of a sizable group of doctors suggests that it might be profitable to inquire into the membership requirements and standards of the A.M.A., as well as their propaganda techniques . . . The consumer of medical services should have some protection against the dishonest doctor . . .

ROBERT J. DWYER

Missoula, Mont.

Sir:

Congratulations on your C.P.S. story. It really is something when a national magazine can "break" such a story, of interest to 850,000 Californians. Where were the "competitive" Los Angeles daily newspapers when this fraud was bared in the (March 6) bulletin of the Los Angeles County Medical Association?

The San Francisco *Chronicle* picked up your story on March 21, 24 hours after TIME readers had it . . .

PAUL BRINDEL

Novato, Calif.

Sir:

As the wife of a conscientious doctor, I, too, am shocked by the practices revealed in your article. While hoping that "the guilty doctors will mend their ways," and checking on them as if they were little boys with jam on their faces, can the California Medical

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The best fitting loafer of them all. Sturdy brown leather, with long wearing Spalding compound sole and heel.

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(Retail Shoe Division)

MARLBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

Association continue to sanction them as members of the organization they are trying to sabotage? These subversive agents for socialist medicine surely should get more than a slap on the wrist.

MRS. CHARLES VOGL
Ann Arbor, Mich.

"How Old Is Ann?"

Sir:
Re Milestones, TIME, March 3, and R. D. Towne's "How-old-is-Ann?" riddle:

After muddling over the problem for an hour (at college, an English major), I turned it over to my father (M.I.T.'15), who promptly worked out this simple algebraic solution:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Ann's age now} &= x \\ \text{Mary's age now} &= 24 \\ \text{Difference in ages} &= 24 - x \\ 24 &= 2x - (24 - x) \\ 24 &= 2x - 24 + x \\ 12 &= 2x - 24 \\ 2x &= 36 \\ x &= 18 \end{aligned}$$

HERBERT J. WOSTREL
Waban, Mass.

Sir:
... You deserve a sharp slap on the wrist for having greatly watered down the famous problem, which is:

"The combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?"

OLIN MILLER

Thomasaston, Ga.
¶ There have been several treatments of Ann's age. The version quoted by Reader Miller was originated by the late Sam Loyd, dean of U.S. puzzle-makers. His solution:

"Mary was 3½ years old and Ann was 9½, showing a difference of 2x years in their ages. Therefore, when Mary was 5½ and Ann 3½, their combined age amounted to 44 years. Dividing 44, which equals 8x, by 8, we find that x equals 5½ years, which shows Mary to be 27½ and Ann 16½."—ED.

Bafflebag: A First Reader

Sir:
I wonder how many of your readers resorted to aspirin after reading your March 14 article on bafflebag in the Business section. As for myself, I may use Shakespeare's appropriate statement: "I was never so be-thump'd with words."

BROOKLYN, N.Y. DONALD JONAS

What F.D.R. Said about H.S.T.

Sir:
Mr. Truman should have been more careful with some of his notes (in the book *Mr. President*—TIME, March 24), especially that one quoting Roosevelt's answer when Truman refused the candidacy for Vice President. "Well," said F.D.R., "if he wants to let the Democratic Party and the country down in the midst of a war, that is his responsibility."

It is revealing that the country is placed after the Democratic Party, but to a Democrat that will seem natural. This party, for the past 19 years, has always come first as much as possible. First by bribing the people with handouts, and now by taking handouts from the people in the form of taxes, retirement funds, etc. . . .

Los Angeles

R. SWAIN

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For this is an American Easter Parade—where there are no class distinctions in fashion! Here everybody, even those in modest circumstances, can be smartly dressed for every occasion—and one of the reasons for this is man-made rayon.

This versatile fiber, through years of constant development, has brought once costly dress and suit fabrics

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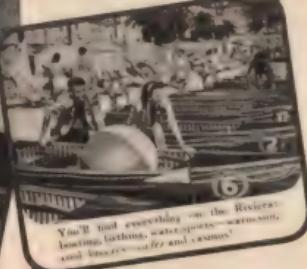


The whole family comes with pleasure
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Before an issue of TIME goes to press, a short may turn into a *par-*
mark (only to be outpaced later), a *twin-bed* position may be *dummyed*, a *stringer* queried for a *checking point*, a *widow* picked up near the *NA* researchers' *bullpen*, and *double trucks* left bleeding in the *gutter*.

Meanwhile, circulation may be *ranking* for a third-class monarch with a *Paris chit*, sending *flash acks* for unflushed *giftees*, or getting a *non-convertible yen* for an *over-the-transom order*.

Almost every business has its own specialized speech and the above paragraphs are written in the trade talk of the printing and publishing business, with a few words and phrases peculiar to TIME itself. I thought you (both subs and NS readers) might enjoy translating the apparent double-talk. Here is a glossary of some of the everyday expressions used in TIME's editorial, circulation, advertising and production departments:

Bioprise (n.): Biographical and personal material.

Bleed (v.t.): To print over the margin to the edge of a page.

Broken-down figure (n.): A statistic reduced to its component parts.

Bullpen (n.): The area assigned to a department's researchers.

Cage date (n.): Arrival date of circulation mail.

Checking point (n.): A fact which needs further checking for accuracy.

Ck Tk: Will be checked later (check to come).

Dealer's draw (n.): Number of copies a newsstand receives.

Double truck (n.): Two-page ad on facing pages.

Drop-off point (n.): Place where copies of TIME come off a plane, train or truck.

Dummy (v.t.): To lay out a sample issue of the magazine, *Flushed Giftees*, showing where editorial material and ads will be printed.

Flash ack (n.): A card acknowledging a subscription or inquiry.

Flushed giftee (n.): Recipient of a gift subscription whose name has been checked against the subscriber list.

Green (v.t.): To indicate possible additions or deletions in a story if needed for reasons of space.

Gutter (n.): Space between facing pages.

Kill (v.t.): To eliminate all or part of a story.

NA: National Affairs section.

Non-convertible yen (n.): Japanese currency which cannot be converted into dollars.

NS (n.): Newsstand.

NV (n.): New version of story.



Outspace (v.t.): To drop a story for space reasons.

Over-the-transom order (n.): Unsolicited subscription or advertising order.

Bleeding in Gutter (n.): Bleeding in Gutter

Packet (v.t.): To send story material by means other than wire.

Paris chit (n.): Small enclosure in a mailing from Paris.

Parmark (n.): One of a list of items preceded by paragraph symbols (¶).

Query (n.): A request for information sent to a correspondent.

Red (adj.): Mandatory change in a story, as *red kill*.

Red check (n.): Verification of a fact from a primary source or authoritative reference work.

Roundup (n.): A story which draws on a large number of areas for its facts.

Seepage (n.): Small net decrease in circulation, resulting from temporary suspension of subscriptions. (Opposite of *creepage*.)

Short (n.): A story of 30 lines or less.

Short short (n.): A story under ten lines.

Staffer (n.): Staff correspondent.

Third-class
Monarchs

Stringer (n.): Part-time correspondent.

Sub (n.): Subscriber.

Third-class monarch (n.): A 3½-by-7½ envelope, open at one end.

Twin-bed position (n.): Two ads for one advertiser, running on either side of an editorial column.

Update (v.t.): To report newest facts on a situation.

Widow (n.): A short line at the end of a paragraph. (*Picking up a widow* means cutting enough words out of the paragraph to eliminate the short line.)

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn
PUB.



In New Mexico we say "¿QUÉ DICE?" (Koy Dee-say? - Spanish for "What do you say?"). Folks who have visited us say New Mexico is truly the "Land of Enchantment."

Plan your next trip to one of America's most glamorous and exciting vacation lands . . . visit ancient Indian Pueblos - laze along clear, cool mountain streams - or bask in desert sunshine . . . see for yourself why NEW MEXICO is truly the "Land of Enchantment."

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"YOU BIG DOPE!" I YELLED

The story of a man who lost his temper

"It's an awful feeling, jamming on your brakes and wondering if you'll be killed in the next split second. Thank heaven we avoided that madman—by inches.

"He was speeding, but I was just as big a fool. My wife pointed out that I'd driven right through a stop sign into that intersection.

"That narrow escape cured me for life of taking *any* chances—driving or on insurance protection. I've called my Liberty Mutual man and asked him to double my bodily injury insurance as he suggested a few months ago. You see, I've learned what *might* happen."

Accidents are increasing in number and cost. Hospital and medical bills are higher. So is the value of lost wages. Are you sure your car insurance covers these higher costs? You may be able to increase your protection at little or no extra cost through Liberty Mutual savings. We serve car and home owners direct, which means lower selling and handling expense. Policyholders have received savings every year.

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Want more details? Liberty Mutual will supply a free *Insurance Planner* to help you figure out your own insurance needs. Just call or write for your copy. Look in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory for the nearest Liberty Mutual office or write to 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts.

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Such early morning exuberance reminds us of the joy felt by a new operator after her first day with a Monroe. She's so fresh, relaxed, alert... thanks, of course, to Monroe's marvelous "Velvet Touch" and matchless ease of operation. The moral of our story is: if you're "up a tree" over some figuring problem, don't get panicky. Get Monroes. There's a model to meet every figuring and accounting need.



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EVERY business needs this efficient grand total model. Adds and subtracts directly in two registers. Accumulates, stores totals. Saves time, steps up figure production.



Monroe ACCOUNTING Machine

COMPACT space-saving bookkeeper that handles several kinds of jobs. Outstanding value. Does some work as machines costing much more. Smooth, effortless, noise-saving "Velvet Touch" operation.

"...VELVET TOUCH" originated in 1933 to describe Monroe's matchless ease of operation.

Every Monroe is sold only through Monroe-owned branches; serviced by Monroe's factory-trained organization.

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Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., General Offices, Orange, N. J.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Dead End?

Mink ranchers could relax—if the rest of the nation could not. Last week's blow-up in the Justice Department let out what steam remained in the investigation of Government corruption.

The Government's special investigator, Newbold Morris, was fired by the Government's regular investigator, Attorney General Howard McGrath, who in turn was fired by the Government's chief, Harry Truman. The President's announcement that he would not run again removed from his shoulders the political (if not moral) responsibility for cleaning up the Government.

The graft exposures seem headed into a dead end. The nation is left with all the doubts raised by the scandals and no assurance that the house will be cleaned.

Pundit Walter Lippmann, in a penetrating analysis this week, explained the real meaning of the corruption issue:

"It would be unfair and very misleading to identify this condition with Mr. McGrath personally. He merely exemplifies it. What is this condition? It is the condition of coming apart at the seams, and of becoming generally unraveled and disheveled and at sixes & sevens, which always exists when a government is in the hands of a party that has outlived its mandate and has spent its power. The scandals themselves are disgraceful, but they appear to be—it sounds awful to say it—merely the normal scandals of a failing regime."

"The condition of coming apart is infinitely more serious, more expensive, and indeed more dangerous than all the graft and influence-peddling combined. The corruption is only one of its consequences: the much more serious consequences are the paralysis of decision and the sterilization of thought at the highest levels of our policy."

"This condition cannot be cured, as Mr. Truman wanted to think when he called in Mr. Morris, by catching some more crooks. It is not at bottom a problem of law enforcement. It is a problem in political responsibility, which cannot be solved by investigation, which could be solved only by an election that brought into office men who have—what the Truman Administration once had but has no longer—a mandate, and with it a real working majority which gives it the power to govern."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Exits & Entrances

Newbold Morris, an irrepressible reformer from the ranks of Manhattan's silk-stockings Republicans, tripped down to Washington last February, all aglow. On the invitation of the Administration, he was going to investigate corruption in the Administration. Last week, as Morris and



Associated Press

NEWBOLD MORRIS

Port force, part national humiliation.

his bumptious crusade came to a crashing end, it could not be said that the outcome was really a surprise to those who knew Newbold Morris and the chiefs of the Administration. But it was a spectacle, part political farce and part national humiliation, that Washington would remember.

Morris launched his inquiry in his own inimitable style. He made snide remarks in public against such pets of Harry Truman as Major General Harry Vaughan. He talked loftily of starting his house-cleaning in the Department of Justice, of which he was technically a member. At the congressional hearings, he wrathfully resented personal questions seeking to clarify the part he had played and the cut he had taken in some gaudily profitable surplus tanker deals (TIME, March 24); he railed against "diseased minds" among the Senators instead of giving plain an-

swers. Then, in his investigator's role, he turned right around and prepared to ask others a lot of questions.

A formidable document, the Morris questionnaire would have had selected federal officeholders list their net worth, plus the net worth of each member of their immediate families during the past five years or during the period of their federal employment, if less than five years. Morris also wanted to know all about such items as cash in banks and elsewhere, loans receivable, stocks & bonds, real estate, life-insurance equities, household and other assets; he even wanted to know how many fur coats there were in the family.

Tension at the Airport. Attorney General Howard McGrath at first seemed to go along, though reluctantly, with the idea of the questionnaire. But he refused to give Morris unrestricted access to departmental files or tax return data.

From then on, McGrath's opposition to Morris hardened quickly. Reportedly, he spoke up against the questionnaire at a Cabinet meeting; he was supported by other officials, and the President took the matter under advisement. Then last week McGrath told a House subcommittee that he had not yet decided whether to answer the questionnaire addressed to him. Asked if he would appoint Morris now if he had the chance again, he bluntly replied: "I would not."

A few days later, at the capital's airport waiting for the arrival of Queen Juliana, McGrath was seen in tense debate with Harry Truman and Presidential Aide Joseph Short. Snatches of talk were overheard:

Truman (his face a mask): "I'm not concerned about that part of it."

McGrath (wringing his hands): "It is the basic issue involved . . ."

Short (banging a fist against a palm): "The President does not want to be involved . . ."

New York Timesman Arthur Krock subsequently reported that in this talk the Attorney General had conducted a running argument with the President. Its gist: since Truman and McGrath were agreed on holding up the Morris questionnaire and the need to dismiss Morris, it ought to be recorded in announcements by both the White House and the Justice Department. The President, said Krock, moved away from the argument. Later, McGrath and Short kicked it around some more; the presidential aide thought that both Morris and McGrath ought to

go. The Attorney General protested that this would make him a "goat."

Your Services Shall Cease. In the morning, McGrath sent a curt letter to Morris. "Please be informed . . . your services . . . shall cease at the close of business today," Morris, cocky as ever, replied, measuring the words: "I've—never—been—fired—before . . . I'm not mad at anybody . . . I don't care very much, as long as my wife loves me." Later, during a soliloquy for the benefit of newsmen, while he fed peanuts to the pigeons in Lafayette Square, he added: "I've been fired and now all the influence peddlers can come back again . . . Yes, sir, everything was going to be cozy, cordial and comfortable until they found out I meant business."

That afternoon the President's press conference was crowded. Truman entered in a grinning, joshing mood, but by the time he was ready for his big announcement, his voice was toneless. The Attorney General, he said, had resigned. And James P. McGranery, U.S. District Judge

for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, would take his place.

The President refused to say whether he thought Morris should have been fired; he insisted that he had not yet seen the controversial questionnaire. When one reporter remarked, "We understood that Mr. Morris was your man," Truman retorted that Morris wasn't his man—he never was.

An hour or so later, at the Justice Department Building, Howard McGrath walked out of his office, his Homberg pulled forward, his double-breasted grey flannel rumppled, a glazed look in his eyes. His voice quavered as he talked to the waiting press; no tears rolled down his cheeks, but his eyes brimmed. Why was he fired? "I guess my usefulness came to an end." What advice did he have for his successor? "A fine man . . . I have suggested that he ought to supply himself with an asbestos suit."

What Right Have I? A few hours later, a train arrived from Philadelphia bearing the new Attorney General—desig-

nate, James Patrick McGranery,* minus an asbestos suit. Fires were immediately lit under him. Some Congressmen said they would try to hold up his confirmation as Attorney General until they had questioned him thoroughly in his role in the *Amerasia* case (see box). From another quarter came an even sharper attack; Philadelphia District Attorney Richardson Dilworth, a fellow Philadelphia Democrat, predicted: "The regime of McGranery will be marked by incompetence, bias, favoritism and ward politics at its worst." McGranery shrugged off the assault: "If the Senate feels I am crooked, or it has no confidence in my abilities, it won't confirm me."

After a talk with Harry Truman, McGranery reported that he had been charged with a tall task: "To restore the confidence of the people in the integrity of the administration of justice." He added 1) that he would depend on the FBI to find out where corruption existed, 2) that he would not "waste any money" continuing the kind of inquiry Newbold Morris had pressed, and 3) that he had no plans to look into the conduct of Howard McGrath. "What right," he asked, "would I have to do that?"

INVESTIGATIONS

Silk-Shirt Collector

At a salary of \$12,000 a year, a man with five children winds up with \$10,500 after he pays his federal income tax. Normally, that would be hardly enough to send the children to expensive schools, maintain two homes, gamble extravagantly and buy such fancy items as \$20 pajamas, \$47.50 cuff links and \$31.50 silk shirts. In fact, most men with five kids consider themselves lucky, even with a \$12,000 salary, to be able to buy any shirts at all.

Cash in Small Bills. Daniel Bolich was a conspicuous exception. Witnesses testified before a House subcommittee last week that until he resigned last November as Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in Washington, Bolich had a \$12,000 salary and a much higher standard of living. Item: for 18 months in Washington, he had lived in a \$20-a-day hotel suite.

In a financial statement made for Treasury investigators last fall, Bolich (rhymes with toe-ick) explained that his salary was supplemented a bit by "gifts" from friends. Carl F. Routhahn, an Ohio department-store executive, for example, contributed a \$20,000 summer home, a \$2,500 Chrysler and \$400 a month in cash, delivered discreetly in small bills. And his hotel suite was paid for by Henry ("the Dutchman") Grunewald, the professional fixer who has turned up in several previous investigations.

Bolich conceded that his income during

* Until he is confirmed, McGranery will not be Attorney General. Meanwhile, the powers of the office are in the hands of Solicitor General Philip B. Perlman.

ATTORNEY GENERAL-DESIGNATE

Nominated by President Truman last week to succeed Howard McGrath as Attorney General of the U.S.; James Patrick McGranery (rhymes with canerry).

Born: July 8, 1895, in Philadelphia, of Irish immigrant parents.

Education: parochial grade and high schools; interrupted his schooling to work as an electrotypist for the Curtis Publishing Co.; served as a World War I observation balloon pilot; after the war returned to school and graduated from Temple University Law School.

Early Career: an insurgent Democrat, he entered South Philadelphia ward politics while still a student, ran the local Al Smith presidential campaign in 1928. As a young lawyer, he represented cops and the city's firemen's union, ran unsuccessfully for court clerk (1928), district attorney (1931) and Congress (1934).

Congressman: in 1936, he finally won an election—to the U.S. House of Representatives from Philadelphia's second district; served in four successive Congresses; a staunch New Dealer, but refused to follow Franklin Roosevelt when it came to Irish politics—i.e., in 1939, he boycotted the congressional reception for Britain's King George and Queen Elizabeth because U.S. immigration authorities had detained Irish Revolutionary Sean Russell in Detroit.

Justice Department: in 1943, at Franklin Roosevelt's request, he resigned from Congress to become Assistant to the Attorney General; his chores included supervision of the FBI, federal attorneys, marshals and prisons; in 1945, the FBI broke the notorious *Amerasia* case, which involved the discovery of 1,700 Government documents (some were top secret) in the New York office of the left-wing magazine; though McGranery was not involved in the controversial prosecution of the case, he subsequently belittled the importance of the documents, said the bungling of Government raiders led to a weak prosecution (of six persons arrested, none imprisoned, only two mildly fined).

District Judge: promised a federal judgeship by Franklin Roosevelt, he finally got the plum from Harry Truman in 1946; as district judge in Philadelphia, he earned the reputation of being a high-handed pro-Government man; most notable case before him was that of Atomic Spy Harry Gold, on whom he passed sentence of 30 years.

Traits & Interests: height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 165 lbs.; blue-grey eyes, ruddy complexion, black hair turning grey; affable, self-assured, vigorous speaker with an infectious smile; used to ride horses and play golf (after a hole in one in 1934, decided to rest on his achievement, quit the game). His wife is the former Regina Clark, a former special deputy attorney general of Pennsylvania. They have two boys (11 and 9) and a girl (6). A Roman Catholic, McGranery has been honored by the Pope: he is a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great and a private Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword.



James Patrick McGranery

the last five years was \$82,000, of which only \$52,000 was salary. The investigators testified that he spent at least \$115,000 during the period.

"Slanderous Implications." Next came evidence indicating how Bolich expressed his gratitude to some of his generous friends. He had a hand in dropping or easing numerous apparently legitimate tax claims, ranging from \$50,000 to several million. When an Internal Revenue auditor began an investigation of the tax affairs of Bolich's friend Grunewald, for example, Bolich switched the case to another auditor and it was soon dropped. In 1949, at the request of Grunewald and another old friend, Bolich intervened in a \$250,000 claim against Paturro Modes, Inc., a Manhattan dress firm. Criminal proceedings against its owners were dropped and the case was settled for \$100,000.

With pardonable curiosity, the committee invited Bolich to explain how he arranged all this. In the old days, when he was often the Bureau of Internal Revenue's official spokesman before congressional committees, he had always been a genial, cooperative witness. Not so this time. He appeared under protest, doubtfully complained of "slanderous implications" in the committee's evidence, then refused to testify further, "on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me." After an hour, the committee gave up; Bolich went back to his home in Brooklyn, where a grand jury has also been asking him some questions.

REPUBLICANS Word from the Midwest

Bob Taft's campaign got back on the rails in last week's primaries.

One victory came in Wisconsin, where the Ohio Senator had staged one of his fighting tours, traveling 2,387 miles, visiting 58 counties, making 125 speeches to 150,000 people. The campaign paid off. Wisconsin Republicans gave him 314,224 votes to 260,704 for California's Governor Earl Warren and 169,026 for Harold Stassen. Hard-working Bob Taft swept the rural districts, the villages and the small towns, carried seven of the state's ten congressional districts, picked up 24 delegates to the Republican National Convention. The three districts and six delegates he lost to Earl Warren were in and around two cities—Milwaukee and Madison.

Important Round. Taft's opponents were quick to point out that 1) he wasn't up against his real opposition, Ike Eisenhower, in Wisconsin, and 2) he didn't get a majority of the votes cast. But he outdistanced a campaigning Warren and a campaigning Stassen, whose forces tried to woo Eisenhower votes. It was an important political round for Taft to win.

His other victory, in Nebraska, where he did not campaign, was more impressive. After the great Eisenhower write-in vote in Minnesota, Taft and his organization decided they would try some of that. Nine days before the primary, Taft Strategist



DANIEL BOLICH

Generous gifts, discreetly delivered.

Victor Johnston moved into Nebraska to set things up. He called Congressman Howard Buffet home to Omaha to help run the show. Johnston-Buffet & Co. made 75,000 telephone calls for Taft, mailed 60,000 pieces of literature, showing how to write in his name. Buffet appealed to the considerable isolationist sentiment in Nebraska. Said he: "Eisenhower . . . is the candidate of those who would have American boys die as conscript cannon-fodder thousands of miles across the ocean."

"**Gee, That's Great.**" Local Eisenhower supporters, without the help of the national organization, campaigned for write-ins, too. The result: a clear-cut Taft victory. He got 76,556 write-in votes to 61,592 for Ike. Stassen, whose name was printed on the ballot, trailed with 53,444. Nebraska's 18 delegates were not necessarily bound to follow the preference vote, but the best estimate was that 16 would vote for Taft, one for Ike, with one uncommitted. Said Taft, when he got the news from Nebraska: "Gee, that's great."

Bob Taft's big day in the Midwest showed that his strength goes deeper than the professional politicians, that he has a strong appeal to a large segment of the G.O.P. rank & file. It left no doubt that Taft is still in the race and running hard.

The Lead Changes

A month ago, when Pollster George Gallup asked Republican voters about their preference for President, Senator Taft led General Eisenhower 34% to 33%. This week Gallup announced the results of a new poll of Republicans taken just before the Nebraska and Wisconsin primaries. The score: Ike 37%, Taft 34%. Among Gallup's independent voters, Ike has extended his long lead over all Republican prospects: he has 50% of their vote, compared to 15% for Taft.

Iowa: Ike 15, Taft 9

Harrison E. Spangler, Iowa's veteran (20 years) Republican national committeeman, predicted that 20 of the state's 26 delegates to the National Convention would be for Taft. But that was before the Eisenhower ground swell rose in Iowa. As the Ike boom grew, the Taft men pursued their claims, finally said they would be satisfied with an even split.

Last week 3,030 delegates from Iowa's 99 counties met at congressional district and state conventions in Des Moines to name the 26. The Eisenhower forces had a majority in four district conventions, covering the center section of Iowa (including Des Moines). Result: eight district delegates for Ike. Taft men had control of two districts in the eastern end of the state (including Davenport), and two in the west (including Sioux City). Result: eight delegates for Taft.

Then a nominating committee met to select a slate of ten delegates at large. The committee was deadlocked: four for Ike, four for Taft. Ike's four, sure they had a majority on the convention floor, demanded six or seven delegates at large.

For nearly five hours the committee was deadlocked. By that time frantic calls were coming in from the theater at which the convention was being held. A performance of *Darkness at Noon* was scheduled for that night, and the convention had to clear out. Faced with that deadline, the committee agreed: six delegates for Ike, one (Spangler) for Taft and three uncommitted. One uncommitted choice, Mrs. Gertrude Wilharm, turned out to be for Ike.

When Spangler's name was read to the convention, shouts of "No!" "No!" rose up from Eisenhower supporters. But they quieted down when they heard all the pro-Ike names, and the convention approved the slate. The Eisenhower forces had won a clear-cut victory in an important farm state. The final count: Ike 15, Taft 9, uncommitted 2.

Michigan: Ready to Deal

For 20 years Michigan's delegation went to the Republican National Convention pledged to the same man: a favorite son, the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg. This year National Committeeman Arthur Summerfield and State Chairman Owen J. ("Pat") Cleary decided to work for a unified, unstructured delegation. They talked to every one of the 83 county delegations to the state convention. Their argument: uncommitted, Michigan would be in better position to make deals at Chicago.

When the 1,537 delegates moved into Detroit's Cass Technical High School last week for the 18 congressional district and state conventions, there were still signs of a fight. Although pictures of Ike and Taft were officially balanced at the sides of the auditorium stage, "We Want Ike" and "Michigan for Eisenhower" signs were plastered all over the hall. One congressional district convention (the Jackson



ROBERT KEFAUVER & SON

After a ham sandwich, the treatment.

United Press

area) committed its two delegates to Ike. Another (Grand Rapids) pledged one of its two votes to him. A third (Pontiac) elected two known Eisenhower men. One district (Benton Harbor) passed a resolution endorsing Taft, but did not instruct its delegates.

Aside from these demonstrations of fervor, the Summerfield-Cleary neutrality plan worked. Fourteen districts gave no hint of their preference. After a compromise slate of ten delegates at large was presented to the convention, the chairman of the "Michigan for Eisenhower" committee moved for its election, the chairman of the "Bob Taft Committee of Michigan" seconded the motion, and the head of the "MacArthur for President Committee" moved that nominations be closed. The delegation as a whole was indeed uninstructed.

Then both sides began to make claims. Ike Man Arthur H. Vandenberg Jr. said this was Ike's "greatest victory to date" because 70% of the 46 delegates were for him. Taft Chairman Charles H. King said more than 28 of the delegates would be for Taft when they got to Chicago. Most of the delegates refused to talk.

The one clear fact was that Michigan, with one of the biggest uncommitted delegations at Chicago, will hold a key chair when & if the deal begins.

Idaho: 14 for Taft

At Idaho Falls, after some skirmishing between Taft and Eisenhower forces, the Idaho state convention did what it was expected to do: named a full slate of 14 delegates "honor-bound" to support Taft "to every reasonable extent." Keynoting the convention, Utah's Governor J. Bracken Lee, a Taft man, offered a bit of basic political philosophy. Said he: "Don't get so wrapped up in your own candidate that if you see he is losing you can't get on the bandwagon of the winner."

Tennessee: 19 for Taft

Some rebels from Memphis spoke up for Ike at last week's state Republican convention in Nashville, but they were squelched by the old-guard forces dominated by former National Chairman B. Carroll Reece. The convention then smoothly elected Taft supporters as Tennessee's four delegates at large to the National Convention. With the 15 Reece men elected at district conventions, that gave Taft 19 of the state's 20 delegates; the 20th, to be chosen next month, is considered a Taft shoo-in.

The platform opened with strange language for a Republican gathering: "We pledge adherence to the principles of Thomas Jefferson and other pioneers that the best government is the least government." Following through on that, the delegates, nearly one-third of whom were Negroes, took a strong stand against FEPC.

One Out

Four years ago this month, Harold E. Stassen was the one man to beat for the Republican presidential nomination. The former Minnesota governor had swept to significant primary victories in Wisconsin and Nebraska, walloping Dewey, Taft, MacArthur, Warren and any others who got in his way. His supporters had a slogan: "No surpassin' Harold Stassen."

Dewey eventually exploded the 1948 Stassen balloon. This year the surpassin' came earlier. On leave from his job as president of the University of Pennsylvania, Stassen has been rolling through primary states, winding up at dead ends. In New Hampshire, he ran a poor third behind Eisenhower and Taft. In his own Minnesota, where he was the only name on the ballot, the total write-in vote for other candidates outnumbered his Xs. His name was on the ballot in Nebraska but he was third, behind write-in votes for

Taft and Eisenhower. In Wisconsin, where he desperately attempted to get votes on Ike's name (he promised that he would give the general half the delegates he won), he was behind Taft and Warren.

From the beginning of his campaign, it has been hard to see where Stassen thought he was going or what he was trying to prove. He had no chance for the nomination, and he has aroused the ire of all other Republican factions.

Last week Stassen plodded on through Illinois, where he made 19 speeches, and was set to tour 27 cities in New Jersey. Said he: "We're just in the preliminaries and we'll be in there in July." But even Stassen must know that the one Republican to beat in April 1948 is the one Republican already beaten in April 1952.

DEMOCRATS

Nerves & Psychosis

Tall Estes Kefauver was still striding along ahead of the field, his coontail wagging behind him.

The Tennessee Senator had two more primary victories to wave in the faces of the Democratic pols, whose coolness toward him was beginning to turn into nervous recognition. In Wisconsin, he ran up more than 200,000 votes to 18,000 for his nearest opponent, a state Democratic leader who filed as a stand-in for Harry Truman. That gave him Wisconsin's 36 delegates.

On the same day, he won a more important victory, psychologically, in Nebraska. There he dealt a fatal blow to the campaign of Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr, the man who said he would run if Truman didn't. The count: Kefauver 64,111, Kerr 41,889. Kerr said he was still running, but he was only a 72-hour candidate: a serious contender from Saturday night, when Truman withdrew, until Tuesday night, when the Nebraska results came in.

From Nebraska, Kefauver moved on for appearances in Michigan, Ohio, New York, Illinois, and California. In New York to seek delegate and financial support, he gave the big city some of the Kefauver treatment. He arrived 20 minutes late for an 8 p.m. meeting with Manhattan's Young Democrats, casually shook hands all around, explained that he hadn't eaten dinner, plopped down in the back of the room and ate a ham sandwich. When his 81-year-old father, Robert Cooke Kefauver, appeared in a room where the press was interviewing the candidate, Estes called: "Hello, Poppy." He led his father into the circle formed by the press, and announced: "This is my daddy."

Adlai Stevenson, the man who might be able to overtake Estes Kefauver, was still struggling with the decision: Should he announce that he is a candidate? The question came at him everywhere, even as he inspected Illinois' Menard penitentiary. Said Stevenson: "Several inmates, mostly in the psychiatric division, recognized me. They stood and saluted and

said, "Mr. President, I don't know whether it was a case of extreme psychosis, or I should have been flattered."

Vice President Alben Barkley was still thinking about running, but insisted he hadn't made up his mind. Said he: "I'm not like the justice of the peace in Kentucky, who announced that he was taking the case under advisement and would render a decision in one week for the plaintiff."

ARMED FORCES

The Atomic Pinpoint

In Exercise Long Horn, the vast Army-Air Force mock war in Texas, the green-clad Aggressor forces had just seized a position deep behind the defenders' lines and were massing for a new attack. Suddenly a blank mortar shell exploded over the invaders' heads with a roar and a burst of smoke. The umpires stunned the Aggressors with a terse ruling: 1,600 of their men had just been put out of action; the exploding shell symbolized a devastating hit by a revolutionary new weapon, atomic artillery.

This week the U.S. Army and the Atomic Energy Commission confirmed what Exercise Long Horn hinted at. The atomic bomb, once a massive city-buster suitable only for use in strategic air attack, has been tamed and reshaped as a major new tactical weapon for the U.S. Army. Its bulk has been compressed and slimmed into a workable artillery shell. The shell can be fired with pinpoint accuracy by a new highly mobile atomic artillery piece. The atomic cannon is already in production.

The Green Light. The Army has dreamed of drafting the atom into the artillery ever since it heard about Hiroshima. But the dream was wild and impractical until the atomic scientists discovered how to bring off small, controlled, atomic explosions. Then a young Army ordnance expert who is also a nuclear physicist, Colonel Angelo R. del Campo, drew up some sketches and took them to the AEC laboratories at Los Alamos. Working in high secrecy, West Pointer del Campo spent months juggling the requirements of artillery against the requirements of an atomic charge. (Sample: the mechanical parts of an atomic bomb need only be strong enough to withstand the bumps of turbulent air; the mechanical parts of an atomic shell must be 4,000 times as strong to stand up under the explosion when the gun is fired.) One day Del Campo telephoned his Pentagon bosses: "I've just returned from Los Alamos and the light is green."

Army Chief of Staff J. Lawton Collins hustled the design to a meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The J.C.S. ran it through the wringer of the interservice Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, headed by able General John E. Hull. The W.S.E.G. approved. The Navy, wise to the ways of big guns, pitched in to help with the construction of the first shell and first gun. The first test (made

without an atomic charge in the shell) was a shattering failure, but after subsequent tests were successful, Collins gave the order for large-scale production.

Lineal Descendant. The A-cannon is not designed to replace divisional artillery, the 105-mm. and 155-mm. howitzers. It is what is known as "Army" artillery, a lineal descendant of such famous oldtime corps performers as Long Tom and Big Bertha, a type of heavy artillery brought to the front only for such special purposes as siege action or destruction of an enemy massed for a river crossing. Its use against lesser concentrations would be militarily ineffective as well as prohibitively expensive. At long range the big gun is four times as accurate as the average field piece, and can shoot four types of non-atomic shells.

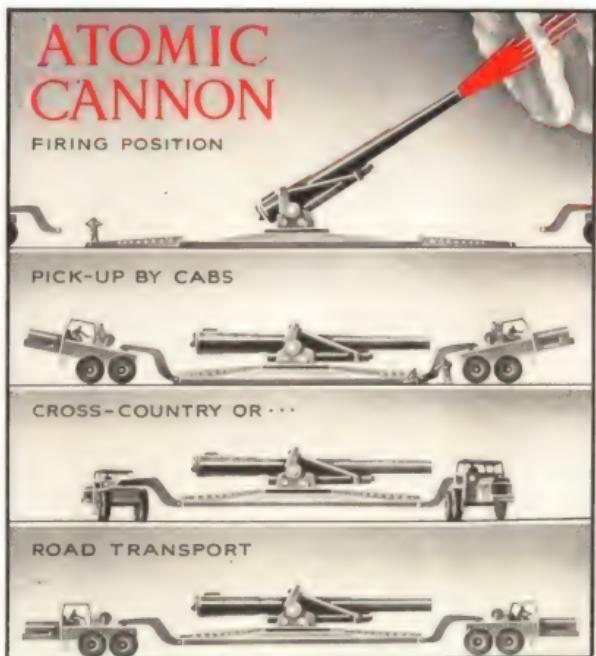
From a distance, the big A-cannon assembly looks like a loaded railroad flatcar, with engine cabs at both ends. When it is ready to leave the road to go into action, the two cabs rev up to a deafening roar and swivel around to push the flatcar sideways (*see cut*) across the terrain to firing position. Once in position, the cabs help lower the gun bed to the ground and then pull out from under.

The whole assembly weighs about 75 tons, but it is still light enough to cross a division bridge (*i.e.*, a bridge built to

withstand any standard piece of equipment in an Army division). On the highway it can travel about 35 m.p.h. It can cross rough country and ford streams five feet deep. The gun assembly has a traveling range of 250 miles. And it can fit comfortably behind the clamshell doors of a Navy landing ship.

Groundman's Answer. The critics of atomic artillery, who have battled Collins for the past two years over his expensive A-cannon project, hold that the A-cannon can do nothing that an airplane can't do by dropping a tactical atomic bomb. Collins answers back with a seasoned groundman's vehemence. In bad weather, airplanes just can't perform tactical missions within the cramped confines of the battlefield. And even in good weather, one miscalculation by an atomic bombardier could panic a whole division on his own side.

Collins and his artillery experts admit that the A-cannon is just an interim weapon. Their long-range plans revolve around ground-to-ground guided missiles, another Army development project. These are still too inaccurate for any kind of close-in use. But when the aim is perfected, the missiles will doubtless outdate atomic artillery because they will exceed artillery's hitting power, and exceed its reach as well.



True Drawing by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

THE CONGRESS

The Unhappy Medium

The House Appropriations Committee last week voted to slash \$4½ billion off the \$51 billion U.S. defense budget for 1953, and Texas' George H. Mahon, chairman of the Military Appropriations Subcommittee, stood up to explain why. "Actually," said Mahon, "what we have done . . . is to strike a sort of happy medium between the people who want to spend more and the people who want to spend less for defense."

One-third of this reduction fell on the Air Force. If the cut remains in the bill, 1953 orders may be cut by as many as 700 combat planes. This action is taken in the face of the gravest concern at top Washington defense levels over the rapid growth

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Hoera de Koningin!"

Like most of the rest of the U.S., Washington dearly loves royalty, but the capital, still remembering the romantic pomp and glitter attendant on last autumn's visit by Princess Elizabeth, wasn't quite ready to be enthusiastic about Queen Juliana of The Netherlands. Frankly, a good many photographs made Juliana look like an unregal and rather dumpy *Hausfrau*. But from the moment she stepped out of the doorway of the KLM plane which brought her across the Atlantic last week, Washington began changing its mind.

As she stood on the passenger ramp amid the crashing of a 21-gun salute, Juliana not only looked pink-cheeked and

less like a celebrity than a tourist returning to familiar haunts. The crowds along the way as she was driven into the city in an open White House car were friendly but undemonstrative, and she beamed at them as if she felt they were taking a good, sensible attitude.

By the time the royal couple had vanished into the remodeled White House—they were its first overnight guests—the capital was thinking of the visit as a new sort of Dutch treat. The Queen won more friends when she addressed a joint session of Congress the next day. Unaware by the glare of television lights or the big, crowded chamber, she pulled off her right glove with a quick movement, shook hands with Speaker Sam Rayburn and Vice President Alben Barkley, took out her speech—most of which she had written herself—tilted her chin toward the galleries, and went right to work.

Speaking with only the slightest of accents, she thanked the U.S. for help during and after World War II, spoke hopefully of the North Atlantic alliance and gratefully of U.S. power. She was interrupted 13 times by applause. When she finished—"Let us all do the best we can. Leave the rest to God. He will not forsake this poor world . . ."—Congress gave her a standing ovation. Outside, as she left, a blonde Dutch girl yelled: "Hiep, hiep, hoem, Hoera de Koningin!" The Queen beamed: Bernhard smiled and winked.

What Is Cooking. Juliana did as well at captivating Washington correspondents. "It must be wonderful sport," she said at a Statler Hotel luncheon with press, radio & television reporters, "to contradict each other. You are interested in the kitchen of the world—you want to find out what is cooking . . . who has a finger in the pie and who will burn his finger." But her interview with Washington newshounds seemed to leave her slightly appalled. "My God," she murmured, as she looked at one of a sheaf of written questions which had been submitted. She had been asked if her 14-year-old daughter, Beatrix, had started going out with boys. Recovering, she answered that in Holland boys were just a nuisance to girls at that age. Then she asked unbelievingly: Did American girls go out with boys at 14? A reporter replied: "Not all of them."

At week's end, still looking fresh and energetic, the Queen set out for an overnight visit with her old friend, Eleanor Roosevelt, at Hyde Park, stopping en route for a two-hour tour of Philadelphia and an appearance at the 300th anniversary of Dutch-founded Kingston (pop. 28,817), N.Y. This week the royal couple motored down to see what had happened to another Dutch settlement, New Amsterdam. The big city made it plain that it enjoyed seeing the Queen too: a quarter-million people cheered her as she rode up lower Broadway to be welcomed at City Hall; the applause went warmly at dinners and public appearances during her visit. In its quest for good will, The Netherlands had made no mistake in sending Juliana back to the New World.



QUEEN JULIANA & FRIENDS
A jolly air and a good, sensible attitude.

of the Russian air force. At present relative strengths, the U.S. could not defend its own cities against Red air attack, and it is in constant danger of losing its superiority over the Chinese Communist air force in Korea (see WAR IN ASIA).

Yet the Appropriations Committee calmly cut Air Force procurement funds because Congress, following the Pentagon, does not have its eye on the Russians. Instead of trying to create a defense force specifically designed to meet the Russian threat and carry out a national policy, Congress and the Pentagon concentrate on internal issues.

The goal of the Pentagon top brass is to keep peace among the three services by apportioning the cuts more or less equally while Mahon's committee strikes a "happy medium."

A large part of whatever the U.S. spends will be wasted until Washington develops a defense spending policy that relates to the enemy and not to pressure groups inside the U.S.

younger than her 42 years, but a lot more splendid than anyone had expected: she wore an eye-catching raspberry red dress, a silver fox cape, diamond and ruby earrings and high-heeled black pumps. As she stepped down to give President Truman a vigorous handshake, she had a warm and winning smile, a direct gaze and a jolly air that was immediately disarming.

Friendly Couple. Unlike England's Elizabeth—who was tense and a little nervous during her official visit—Juliana seemed to be enjoying herself immensely as she shook hands with Cabinet members and inspected the long lines of bluejackets and soldiers drawn up in her honor. Her husband, German-born Prince Bernhard, seemed as friendly and informal: a tall, spectacled man who walked, toed out, with a kind of jaunty springiness, and wore a rear admiral's uniform which looked a cut too small for him.

The Queen—who spent the war years in Canada and lived in Massachusetts during the summers of 1942 and 1944—acted

DISASTERS

Thunderbolt

It was raining heavily as the C-46 Curtiss Commando snored down through the morning overcast over Long Island and headed for New York's big Idlewild International Airport. The plane, a cargo transport, had left Fort Lauderdale, Fla., seven hours before with 13,700 lbs. of cut flowers, fresh vegetables and lingerie. It had made a routine flight, with fuel stops at Charleston, S.C., and Raleigh, N.C., and despite the murk it seemed about to make an equally routine landing—the ceiling hung at 500 feet and visibility was a mile and a half.

Blazing Floods. At 400 feet, however, just as the C-46 was about to make a left-hand turn toward the southeast and Idlewild's Runway 13, it ran into a patch of drifting cloud which obscured visibility. Its captain, 27-year-old William B. Crockett Jr. of Fort Lauderdale (who was alone in the plane with his 29-year-old copilot and fellow townsmen Jack L. Woerderhoff), was directed to pull up, and begin another approach.

Less than three minutes later, the plane came roaring through the rain just over the rooftops of heavily populated Jamaica, on the outskirts of New York City, 4½ miles north of Idlewild. The plane was settling rapidly. Then with a doomlike crash, it plowed through a house, smashed into a parking lot and disintegrated. Terrified men, women & children all through the block were thrown out of bed, knocked off their feet, buried or bruised by smashed plaster and fallen timbers. At the same split second, flame from blazing floods of aviation gasoline burst into great curtains of fire. Clouds of smoke, and of steam created by the driving rain, billowed skyward. Trees filled magically with nightgowns and lingerie from the cargo.

Fright & Anger. When the flames were finally out, five were dead—the pilot, copilot, two men smashed in the crumpled houses and a police inspector whose automobile was crushed, half a block away, by a flying piece of wreckage. Ten people had to be hospitalized. Dozens of others nursed minor burns and wounds. Five houses were wrecked. Two dozen automobiles were damaged.

New York reacted with fright and anger. Ever since Newark Airport was closed last Feb. 11, as the result of three crashes which killed a total of 110 people, Idlewild and La Guardia Airports had been forced to handle all air traffic for greater New York. At week's end, some New Yorkers began demanding that Idlewild and La Guardia be shut down too.

Over Mobile, Ala., last week, two Air Force transports—a four-engine C-124 Globemaster and a two-engine C-47—collided in mid-air, and fell with a window-rattling roar. All 15 people aboard the two ships—among them three returning Korean Army veterans and a mother & child—died when the planes crashed on the outskirts of town.

NEW ENGLAND

How Now, Brown Cow?

The musk ox is a hard animal to describe—it looks somewhat like a cross between a buffalo and an English sheep dog, has downward-curving horns and a morose expression. It is even harder to know. Though it once roamed as far south as Kentucky, it never learned to duck when hunters began shooting; now all but extinct, the musk ox lives on the fringe of the Arctic, where it munches lichen and other inferior fodder, and apparently spends a great deal of time watching it snow.

Despite its anti-social attitude, however, the musk ox has at least one wildly enthusiastic human admirer. John J. Teal, a husky, Arctic-roving anthropologist,

promises rich yields in exercise and excitement. At the moment, Teal plans to release a set of dogs to scatter the musk-ox herd. Expert ropers will then try to lasso and tie up the adults, and after that a group of strong young men will run down, hog-tie and crate the eight lucky calves.

But even when (and if) the eight musk oxen grow to maturity in Vermont, a few problems will remain to be settled. Nobody milks musk oxen, since the beast regards any man, with or without a bucket in his hand, as a mortal enemy. So far, milk has been obtained from them by the simple process of shooting the cow before milking—a practice probably too expensive in the long run for thrifty New England. Nobody clips them, either, but fortunately the animal sheds some of his hair in the spring, and anyone patient enough to follow him



American Museum of Natural History

MUSK OXEN
Something sporty for the back forty.

finds it almost as gifted a beast as the shmoop; last week in Manhattan, he announced that he considered musk oxen the hope of New England, and said that he looked forward to the day when hairy herds of them would crop contentedly on the stony hillsides of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The musk ox, first of all, is not an ox. Its true name: ovibos (literally, sheep-ox). Also, it has no musk sacs. It gives tasty milk, produces one of the softest wools known to man, and yields meat (though only if killed) which tastes like a combination of mutton and beef. Teal plans to lead an expedition to Ellesmere Island in the Canadian archipelago next autumn (when this year's crop of musk-ox calves will have reached the size of police dogs), snatch eight of the small fry from their mothers, and bring them back to his Vermont farm.

Since he has promised the Canadian government that no adult musk ox will be killed in the process, the job of oxnapping

around and pick it up eventually gather quite a bit of it.

On top of all this, the ox only produces one calf a year and seldom more than three in a lifetime, and will not be a common sight in Vermont for some time. This is probably just as well. The musk ox, which likes to lick lichen from snow-covered rocks, should react well to New England grazing. But it is a little harder to tell just how New England will react to the musk ox.

SEQUELS

Overturned Bottle

Denver's recent outcry against the "Big Bottle"—a huge, steel Old Forester bottle erected as an advertisement (TIME, April 7) atop a downtown office building—made Brown-Forman Distillery Corp., its owners, suspect a prohibitionist *putsch*.

But, last week a poll showed that many outspoken critics were whisky drinkers. With a sort of Al Capp gulp, the company ordered the \$15,000 bottle torn down.

NEWS IN PICTURES



"THE BOSSSES—ENEMIES OF PEACE." Portraits (from left): Alfred Krupp, founder of German steel dynasty; J. P. Morgan Sr.;

John D. Rockefeller Sr.; Henry Ford. Around table: Krupp, Rothschild, Lady Astor, Du Pont, Rockefeller, Mellon, Ford, Harriman.



NEW DICTATOR. French officials ask Eisenhower if he would like them to govern from Vichy, symbol of Nazi occupation.

AS RUSSIA SEES US

Krokodil, published three times a month by *Pravda*, is the Soviet Union's best-known magazine of humor (cir. 300,000), Communist style. Except during the World War II honeymoon, *Krokodil's* technically talented propagandists have consistently pictured Americans as money-mad imperialists, propping up their collapsing economy with rearmament orders and grinding down all opposition with police-state brutality. *Krokodil's* editors still mix their anti-American barbs with attacks on Trotskyite heretics, fascists, Roman Catholic priests and bumbling Red bureaucrats. But today the U.S. is the main enemy, and fully half of each issue is devoted to a hate-American campaign. These samples from recent issues illustrate a favorite set of propaganda lines in *Krokodil's* current campaign. To dedicated Reds, *Krokodil's* snappish humor may seem funny; to most of the West it is a reminder that a crocodile never laughs without baring its teeth to bite.



"TWO SIDES OF THE COIN." A crafty Acheson pleads for peace before the U.N. in Paris; at NATO gathering in Rome he threatens atomic war.



"AMERICAN LIBERTY." Krokodil tear, a policeman's billy, is example of typical Red twist: accusing U.S. Government of police-state rule.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

I+ to I-

Truce note of the week: at Panmunjom, the Communists began planting shade trees against the summer heat.

THE AIR WAR Troubles & Triumphs

The Air Force proclaimed one of the most successful weeks of the war in MIG Alley. In a hot series of air battles, the U.S. Sabres downed 15 MIGs and scored 25 more as damaged, with a loss of only two of the U.S. jets. In Washington, the Air Force gave Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness Committee the totals up to March 25: 218 MIGs downed as against 28 Sabres. This is a ratio in the Sabres' favor of 7.9-to-1.

Unfortunately, the Sabre saga is not the whole story of the air war, though it gets most of the headlines. On their untouched—or at least untouched—bases in Manchuria, the Communists now have an estimated 1,700 planes, of which 800 to 900 are jet fighters. While the enemy strength has been rapidly growing, the U.S., because of slow production and commitments in other theaters, has been unable or unwilling even to replace its losses in Korea. Some of the Air Force's 18 wings, including the only two Sabre wings in Korea, are under strength; they probably muster about 600 planes, of which fewer than 150 are Sabres. Navy and allied planes bring the U.N. total to about 1,050. Thus the enemy outnumbers the U.N. about five to three in all categories, about six to one in top fighters.

Very Tiger. Since the Reds have not attacked the allied front line, they have lost practically nothing to U.N. ground fire, whereas the great majority of the U.N.'s losses (about 890) are due to enemy flak. Red antiaircraft fire, increasing constantly in quality and quantity, now curtains long stretches of railroad, and on the highways. Red flak-wagons guard the truck convoys. Around some sensitive targets in North Korea, the flak, automatic and radar-directed, is as deadly as the fiercest German concentrations of World War II.

The planes that go in against this lethal fusillade are the fighter-bombers: the Air Force's Shooting Stars, Thunderjets and propeller-driven Mustangs, as well as the Navy's Panthers, Skyraiders and Corsairs from carriers off the east coast. The Shooting Stars and Mustangs, although admirable for "deck" work (low-level attacks), are no longer in production, and parts are hard to come by. The squadrons that fly them have had to cannibalize some of their planes in order to keep going. The pilots grouse about their dangers and difficulties, and they fiercely represent the Red sanctuaries beyond the Yalu, but they are very "tiger" (Air Force lingo meaning "eager to fight").

Hold-Backs. The greatest triumph in the Korean air war is the fact that the Reds have—so far—not dared to throw their air potential against the U.N. lines. This Communist timidity has brought about a situation unprecedented since the airplane became a weapon: the side with fewer planes has used them to kill thousands of enemy soldiers and to harass enemy supply and transport, without suffering retaliation in kind. Whatever the Communists may do in the future, up to now they have been just as afraid of "widening the war" as the U.N. Perhaps, on the record, a little more so.

"I Don't Want Tears"

The pilot who nosed his twin-engine B-26 bomber through the skies of North Korea one night last week was as eager as any other 26-year-old on his third night mission. Four years out of West Point, he had been in Korea only three weeks. His name was 1st Lieutenant James Van Fleet Jr., and he was the son of the commander of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea.

His target for the night was Souchou, a Red rail center in northwest Korea. But fog and lowering clouds hid his objective from view. "Young Jim" changed course and headed for an alternate target.

At 3:15 a.m., his voice crackled over his radio to his base near Seoul: "Gas too low to reach secondary target. Am returning to base." It was his last message. Two days later, after Air Force and Navy planes had searched in vain among North Korea's hills, the U.S. Fifth Air Force posted young Jim and his two crewmen "Missing in Action."

Old Jim, stiffly military, got the news at an air base in South Korea. In a clipped Army bulletin, he released the text of a letter which young Jim had written to his mother before leaving stateside.

"Dear Mother," wrote young Jim in a matter-of-fact, confident and impersonal style that came naturally to the professional son of a professional soldier: "This is a letter to an Army wife. I don't want tears spilled on it! . . . Early in March, I leave for Korea. I will fly a B-26 in combat. I am the pilot. I will have a bombardier in the nose, a navigator beside me and a gunner in the rear. We will fly at night. I carry bombs and machine guns, and I will know how to use them."

"The time has come that your husband needs my support in carrying out America's fight for the right of all men to live without fear. Do not pray for me, but for my crew, who are not professional men, but civilians called upon to defend their homes . . . I will do my best. It is my duty at any time."

Said his father: "There is little that I can add. My boy was fully qualified and on an assignment he had longed for . . . We have unbound hope for his safety and final return to our side. Personally, I expect to remain in Korea, where I shall rededicate myself for a greater effort."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Two for One

When Marshal Jean de Lattre de Tassigny died last January, it seemed that there was nobody to take his place. Who among French generals cut a figure half so dashing as the Lanvin-tailored De Lattre? Without De Lattre's dynamic leadership, what was going to happen to Indo-China? France's fears deepened when, in February, the Viet Minh Communists forced the French out of Hanoi, which Marshal de Lattre had so boldly taken. Since that low point, the military situation has steadied under the firm hand of De Lattre's sad-eyed friend and deputy, General Raoul Salan. Last week the French cabinet confirmed Salan as commander in chief of French forces in Indo-China.

There had been another side to De Lattre: he had speeded Viet Nam independence; he had given the Vietnamese confidence by showing them that the West (in the concrete form of U.S. weapons) was backing them against the Communists. The best France could do to make up for the loss of De Lattre's political talents was to increase the powers and scope of the cabinet minister responsible for Indo-China, and to shift that minister from Paris to Saigon.

Fierce Advocate. In Minister Jean Letourneau, France has a well-oiled bearing, guaranteed not to run hot under pressure. Round, balding head, plump, round face exuding a brown cheroot beneath a small mustache, round eyes behind round tortoise-shell spectacles, 44-year-old Letourneau looks like the banker and businessman he was trained to be. He looks soft, but in fact is as smooth and hard as milled steel. During the German occupation he helped run clandestine resistance newspapers.

France's Communist *L'Humanité* last week called Letourneau "the fierce advocate of a fight to a finish in Viet Nam." As such, he is the best guarantee of the Pinay government's intention to yield neither to the Communists nor to parliamentary critics who want France to cut her \$3,000,000-a-day losses in Indo-China and concentrate her military effort on defending the homeland and French North Africa.

Gains. In his command position last week, General Salan lashed into two Viet Minh Communist divisions which had deeply infiltrated the 365-mile rice-rich perimeter he holds around Hanoi. His staff claimed 7,324 losses among the enemy's regulars and the capture of 4,428 suspected guerrillas since March 1. In the political field there was a new Vietnamese united coalition government—something that De Lattre had laid plans for—pledged to raise a 120,000-man army against the Communists. In return, Viet Nam hopes to achieve a truly independent place within the French Union, similar to that enjoyed by dominions within the British Commonwealth.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Two Faces West

Communism's World Peace Council last week put on two opposing propaganda shows at the same time.

The Missing Portraits. In Moscow it was the businessman's turn—previous conferences having starred intellectuals, youth, scientists, writers and musicians. Last week to Russia's capital came some 400 businessmen from all over the world. "No politics" was the promise: just hard-headed talk among traders anxious to turn a quick ruble, or franc, or pound—or dollar. Even the familiar giant portraits of Stalin were missing.

One or two obscure American businessmen (the State Department had discouraged attendance) were allowed to declare themselves in favor of private capitalism. A British delegation, reportedly headed by Lord Boyd-Orr, listened with interest as one of its members, Left-Wing M.P. Samuel Sydney Silverman, announced that there were enough business orders from Russia and Red China to wipe out the Lancashire textile slump. Then Mikhail V. Nesterov, head of Russia's Chamber of Commerce, oozing cooperation and co-existence, offered to double or triple Russia's imports. He offered to buy British textiles, spices and herring, French electrical equipment and ships, Dutch tin, Belgian rayon, German, Italian and Japanese products. In return Russia would sell grains, coal, manganese and timber.

The Joker. Moreover—and this sent Britons cabling home for instructions—Russia would accept payment for her wares in local currency and spend the money in the country of origin. Peking Banker Nan Han-chen, the chief Chinese delegate, was equally specific about Chinese wants. Said one Briton: "These people [the Chinese] didn't come here to shoot off hot air, but to do business." Down in the fine print was the joker: the West must end its embargo against the Soviet bloc, and especially against Red China.

The economic conference showed that the Russians and the Chinese may be feeling the pinch of the West's embargo. But it was also designed to drive a wedge between the U.S. and the free nations of Europe, who badly need to build up their export markets.⁶ Stalin himself showed his best smiling face to the West (see BUSINESS). At week's end he had a long chat with India's departing Ambassador, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, and convinced him that everybody should get together peacefully around a table.

The Other Friends. Yet in Oslo, the Communist World Peace Council was busy trying to prove that the nations with which Russia yearns to coexist are a

bunch of bloodthirsty plague spreaders. Even though the sessions were attended by the standard Red cheerleaders, the show proved something of a flop. At a three-hour press conference, France's Joliot-Curie, who once had some stature as an honest scientist, showed "documentary" films of germ warfare from Korea and China. When reporters asked such questions as "How many killed?" the answer was: "Secret information."

Russia's Ilya Ehrenburg, detecting a disbelieving smile on the face of Per Monsen, an anti-Communist Norwegian editor, popped up and heatedly likened the alleged U.S. germ warfare to Nazi exterminations, then listed friends he had lost in Nazi camps. Monsen rose quietly, said he learned about Nazi camps from several years spent in them and that he had also lost friends, "not only in Nazi camps but in camps of different origin." Ehrenburg sat down.

JAPAN

Back to the Kimono

The old imperial emblem of the Rising Sun was run up the flagpole of a graceful, lagoon-fronted building in Tokyo one day last week. Japanese workmen briskly removed "Off Limits" signs from the grounds. For six years, the famed Imperial Hotel, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in 1922, had been a symbol of Japan's defeat and the opulent haven of U.S. VIPs, generals and colonels, who luxuriated rent-free in its fine rooms, savored sumptuous meals for 40¢ and dispensed tips of two or three cigarettes with the grand gesture

of selfless philanthropists. Last week, returned to its Japanese owners, the Imperial became a symbol of Japan's trip back to sovereignty.

Reappearing Silver. The Imperial's rooms were opened to all comers, at rates ranging from \$7 to \$30 a day for a room, and almost immediately were booked until late summer. (Among the early reservations: John D. Rockefeller III, Opera Star Helen Traubel.) Its famed Peacock Room, hung with the season's first cherry blossoms and paper lanterns, overflowed with bowing Japanese—including Emperor Hirohito's daughter—who ate from new silverware and fine china that has been brought from hiding.

All over Japan, the defeated were slipping off the straitjacket of occupation and sliding into the comfortable kimono of freedom. Almost daily, another hotel, office building, golf course, dockyard or apartment house was reclaimed from the occupiers. The special ticket windows and the white-striped railroad cars (for occupation forces only) were on their way out. Japanese merchant vessels were allowed to fly the Japanese flag once more in foreign waters. Last week Pakistan became the seventh nation to ratify the Japanese Peace Treaty, which makes it official as soon as all seven signatures are deposited in Washington (this will probably take several weeks).

Reluctantly, but with a brave show of willingness, U.S. occupiers gave back, chunk by chunk, pieces of the privilege, pomp and plenty which, through history, have been always the rewards and often the corruptors of conquerors. They are



J. R. Eyerman—Life

TOKYO'S IMPERIAL HOTEL
In the Peacock Room, old china come out of hiding.

⁶ Under the 1951 Battle Act, any country selling strategic goods to the Soviet bloc loses all its U.S. economic or military aid.

not relinquishing it all, by any means. Under the separate Japanese-American agreement allowing U.S. forces to remain in Japan, they will enjoy—but pay for—many extraterritorial privileges.

Ten-Cent Cigarettes. In well-built suburbs with names like Washington Heights, and Grant Heights, U.S. occupiers and their families will live only slightly less luxuriously than they do now. Top brass will no longer have two to six free Japanese servants, but good house help will be available cheap (\$20 to \$30 a month). They will still get duty-free whisky, 10¢ American cigarettes, 25¢ U.S. movies, cheap food from Army commissaries and free or subsidized medical service.

Soon the military will abandon the No. 1 symbol of occupation, the big Dai Ichi insurance building across from the Imperial Palace, and move to the suburb of Ichigaya, renamed Pershing Heights. SCAP General Matthew Ridgway will have to move out of the U.S. Embassy to make room for new Ambassador Robert Murphy—but he will go to even more elaborate quarters, set aside by the Japanese government for the general, his pretty wife and three-year-old son. It is the baronial eight-acre estate of the late Marquis Toshitatsu Maeda, which boasts a baroque, three-story mansion, 14 smaller buildings and a private golf course. The estate is being remodeled under Mrs. Ridgway's supervision at a cost of from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

GERMANY

Less Butterfat

Before the agreement between the Japanese and Americans was made public, the West German government mysteriously got hold of a copy, paid a translator to hurry it into German, and compared it, item by item, with the "contractual peace agreement." West Germany is working out with its occupiers. Conclusion: the Japanese got a slightly better deal.

But by last week, with West German negotiations devoting loving attention to details, it became clear that occupation's end in Germany too will squeeze some of the rich butterfat out of the occupiers' lives. The Rhine mansions, the special G.I. trains and bargain fares, the free servants are going. Eighty per cent of German properties requisitioned after the war have already been turned back. German courts, currently barred from trying cases involving allied soldiers and civilians, will be permitted to handle civil suits involving the foreign troops stationed in Germany. Among them: a sizable number of suits by German mothers of *Besatzungskinder*, or illegitimate children sired by G.I.s.

Even so, there will still be some rather choice amenities for the conquerors. The U.S. Army intends to hang on to Bavaria's two best ski resorts—Garmisch and Berchtesgaden—which it seized for furlough centers. Some of Germany's choicest hunting grounds, forbidden to the vanquished for the past six years, will still be reserved



REFUGEE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Circles for the years.

for American sportsmen hankering after a bit of pheasant, roebuck or rabbit.

State Department employees will still live behind the Hershey Bar Curtain in the expensive new apartment house fronting on the Rhine (TIME, Dec. 3). Though High Commissioner John J. McCloy is giving up his diesel train and his million-dollar mansion in Bad Homburg, he will keep his big house in Berlin. State has built new houses beside the Rhine for McCloy and five top assistants.



Frank White

AUTOBIOGRAPHER
Sugar for the author.

How to Convince Skeptics

West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer had gone along with the West's rebuff to Russia's offer of a united "neutral" Germany (TIME, March 31). Now he had to convince a skeptical Bundestag.

Adenauer's favorite argument—that German independence and security can be had only through integration with the West—no longer sufficed. Socialists and even members of his own coalition pointed out that the Russian offer promised not merely independence, but a reuniting of East and West Germany.

Adenauer maneuvered adroitly. To take the edge off opposition charges that he is putting integration ahead of unification, he welcomed a Socialist resolution: that German unity is "the highest goal of German policy." To prove his loyalty to the goal, he promised to urge the West to arrange free, all-German elections. But Adenauer's best defense was his *Realpolitik*. Instead of arguing for Western integration for its own sake, he explained that the best way to get bigger & better concessions out of the Russians is to snuggle up close to the West.

Impressed, the Bundestag by a show of hands confirmed his policy, approving further negotiations with the West to end the Allied occupation and to put German soldiers in a European army.

AUSTRIA

Janos

He was a thin, pale boy, with long, wavy hair and a profile as delicate as a girl's. He appeared to be about eight years old. When the authorities at Austria's Wagna refugee camp tried to question him, he could only stare at them with round, uncomprehending eyes. At last his data was entered in the records: "Name—unknown; parents—unknown; place of birth—unknown; height—141 centimeters. Identifying features: scar on chin; scar on belly. Deaf and dumb."

That, plus the fact that he had been picked up crossing a bridge on the Yugoslavia border, was all that the authorities knew or could guess about Janos. A fellow refugee, a draftsman from Budapest, had invented the name for him. A faint look of pleasure in Janos' eyes seemed to indicate that he could hear, and that he liked the name. The mystery of his real identity and origin remained.

Pantomime. On his fourth day in camp, the authorities sat Janos down before some sheets of blank foolscap and by gestures urged him to draw. Janos threw his pencil to the floor and ran away. Time after time the camp officers coaxed him back with lumps of sugar. Gradually, as thin fingers traced deliberate line after line on the yellow paper, a crude autobiography in hieroglyphics began to take shape.

Janos' pictures were peopled with little stick figures. Small suns represented days, flat circles indicated the passing years. His first drawing showed a house, baby car-

riage, and 13 of the yearly circles, the last one incomplete. Authorities guessed that meant he was 12½ years old. Just under the sixth circle, Janos drew a line and pointed at his mouth and ears to show when he had lost his voice and hearing. Two circles later, he pantomimed the shooting of a machine gun. A succeeding sketch, showing the dotted lines of bullets headed straight from the muzzle of a machine-pistol to the heads of a man and a woman—presumably his father & mother—explained the shooting. The pistol was held by a soldier marked clearly with a hammer & sickle.

A farmhouse ablaze, an exploding bomb, a boy running into a woods, a vineyard recognizably Yugoslavian by the way the vines were staked, another farmhouse and another man & wife told further chapters of the deaf-mute odyssey. A final drawing showed the Austrian guard picking him up at the border.

Questions. There were many unanswered questions in the saga. Authorities hoped that treatment at a state hospital for the deaf & dumb at Graz might provide the answers to some of them: doctors guessed that shock had taken his speech. Meanwhile, Janos himself offered one more sphinxlike hint. On the night last week before he left Wagna for Graz, the boy's restlessness awakened some of the other refugees. Suddenly they heard a high-pitched, quavering voice. It was Janos talking in his sleep. "I must wait five more years!" he cried in Serbian. When he woke next morning, he had lapsed again into helpless silence.

GREAT BRITAIN

Socialist Victory

Britain's five-month-old Tory government got a painful jolt from the voters last week. In a struggle for control of the world's most powerful local-government body—London's huge County Council—Socialist candidates ousted 26 Tories and one Liberal, rolled up a huge Labor majority: 92 seats to 37. Cried Herbert Morrison, one-time cockney errand boy who became Socialist boss of London and then his country's Foreign Secretary: "Thank you, London!"

Tories at the hustings stuck closely to local issues, e.g., Labor's failure to build homes for 175,000 London families, many of whom were bombed out. Laborites pitched their campaign to national issues, blaming Winston Churchill's cabinet—instead of Britain's economic crisis—for higher prices, smaller rations and growing unemployment. So surprisingly effective was Labor's campaign that Socialists won power not only in politically vital London, but also in outlying counties where Tory strength is traditional. Example: Middlesex County cut its Tory majority from 40 to 5. These were but local elections, and in no way affected the Tories' 16-vote majority in the House of Commons, but the pro-Churchill London *Times* called it "a remarkable victory for the Labor Party."

HUNGARY

Salami Tactics

With the Communists safely in power, Hungary's bullet-headed top Communist Matyas Rakosi decided the time had come to tell everybody how they got there. Writing in the party organ *Social Review*, Rakosi is cynically candid. In the free elections of 1945, the Communists polled only 17% of the vote while the democratic Smallholders Party polled 56.5%, a clear majority. But with the help of the occupying Russian army ("Soviet 'interferences' in internal affairs . . . were of great value in strengthening our party"), the Smallholders were persuaded to make concessions.

The basic rule to follow in such a situation, Rakosi writes, is to keep the opposition split up, "perplexed and hesitating.



Associated Press

COMMUNIST RAKOSI
Leave them perplexed.

Join with non-Communists in a coalition and then proceed, by various methods, to take over." What methods? "Salami tactics," says Rakosi—"demanding a little more each day, like cutting up a salami, thin slice after thin slice.

"Take the banks for instance. First we requested only state control; later, the nationalization of only three big banks. In industry the same way: first we demanded state management of the mines; we gradually expanded this to the biggest machinery plants—and finally we shifted to nationalization."

Farms of less than 171 acres were not subject to Red reform—at first. As for the churches, "we destroyed . . . this reactionary front of unity" by splitting Catholics and Protestants: the Catholic church was not touched until after the Protestants had been taken care of. Then came Cardinal Mindszenty's arrest and trial.

Rakosi is just as frank about the po-

lice-state goal at the end of Communism's road: "After the [World War II] liberation, we didn't clarify this problem before wide masses of the party but only in limited audiences. Any discussion of the dictatorship of the proletariat as our final aim would have caused great alarm among our coalition partners and hindered our efforts to win over a majority of the petty bourgeoisie—even of the working masses."

In one field, Rakosi ignored salami tactics, insisting on the whole sausage right at the start: control of the Ministry of the Interior, with the State Security Office, or secret police. "We held this completely in our hands from the first day of its existence. Our party demanded the leadership and tolerated no respecting of coalition-proportion whatsoever . . . Under the conditions in our country when troops of the liberating Soviet Union were staying in our fatherland, no open armed revolt was possible."

GREECE

Two Thousand Shall Live

The end of civil war in 1949 left Greece's jails crammed with political prisoners under sentence of death by military courts for murder, pillage, rapine and other crimes incidental to guerrilla activities. Only seven of the sentences were carried out. The rest were postponed by an uncertain government to await more peaceful times. Last week they were postponed for good. In an all-night session that set some sort of a record for mass amnesty, the Greek Parliament commuted the death sentences of 2,076 political prisoners to life imprisonment.

JORDAN

The Man & the Mountain

Amid the craggy wastes of Hashemite Jordan, wiry, Nevada-born Engineer John Monroe looks not much bigger than a pine sapling, but last week the local Bedouins were calling him "the Man Mountain." And why not? For if Allah, in his wisdom, sees fit to move a mountain, and a little man all alone pushes it back again, is not that man as good as the mountain?

The mountain that John Monroe put in its place was once an orderly peak in Wadi Shab. Last month, local police patrolling the road to Jerusalem reported that it was walking away. Government officials at Amman at first viewed the report—and the cops—with suspicion. Then they went to have a look. Sure enough, there was a 40,000-square-meter chunk of mountain moving majestically down the valley in a slow-motion landslide. By nature's whimsy, fig trees that had been on one side of the road were now on the other, and bean fields had moved intact to new locations.

Local justice ordered the new landlords to pay the old a fair price for the bean fields, but the question of what to do about a displaced quarter-mile of vital state highway still remained. Like a link of pontoon bridge that has drifted down-

stream, one stretch of the highway lay useless at the valley's bottom, and the vagrant mountain sat camel-like astride the rest. Jordan's ministers estimated that it would cost \$400,000 and 40,000 man-days of labor to push the mountain aside, and Jordan's budget could never stand it. Then up stepped John Monroe, who had come to Jordan on a Point Four project to teach the Bedouins how to use bulldozers and other dirt-moving machinery to clear old Roman cisterns. With one power shovel, said John, he could cut a new road in two weeks.

Two weeks ago, Monroe and his snorting machine were to work. Sightseers jammed the roadside like county fair crowds. Enterprising merchants set up soda-pop stands and rented chairs to the sidewalk superintendents. King Talal himself, 43-year-old successor to the late King Abdullah, heard of the excitement, dropped down to watch, and was taken for a ride. Next day, bursting with pride, he insisted that Syria's visiting bosses Shishikly and Selo, who have so far turned a cold shoulder to Point Four aid, come and have a look. Ten days later, Monroe had pushed the mountain far enough aside for cars to get through. By last week's end the highway was almost as good as new, and Man Mountain Monroe was back teaching the Bedouins how to clear cisterns and run bulldozers.

SYRIA

The Shy Dictator

A black Mercedes-Benz convertible, long and lethal-looking, pulled to a screeching halt before the Lebanese presidential palace in Beirut. A Lebanon honor guard snapped to attention and a military band blared forth the Syrian national anthem. Security men swarmed about the car. Then, from behind the bulletproof glass of the car door stepped a dapper little man with the look of a morose mouse.

The caller was Colonel Adib Shishikly, Syria's publicity-shy strong man, and he had come to ask a favor of his Lebanese neighbor. Iraq wanted to condemn him as a dictator at the next meeting of the Arab League. Shishikly wanted the charge defeated. King Talal of Jordan had already offered Shishikly his support. Egypt and Saudi-Arabia would automatically oppose anything suggested by Iraq's pro-British Premier Nuri es-Said. Lebanon soon made it clear that it would do likewise. Thus assured, Shishikly rode off to Damascus, and went back to slapping one decree after another on his country.

Decreed. A professional soldier with a passion for order, Adib Shishikly as an army colonel has been the power behind a succession of Syrian Prime Ministers since 1949. Last December, alarmed by his country's corruption and by Communism's increasing strength, he emerged from his calculated obscurity and took over the government, announcing, as he suspended Parliament, that he was really not a dictator at heart. Polite and painstakingly soft-spoken, he once endured an

amateur performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest* to the bitter end although he knew no English. Scrupulously honest, even by his enemies' admission, he recently furnished his modest Damascus home on the installment plan because he had no ready cash. A narrow escape from Tommy-gun slugs a year ago has made Syria's dictator even more shy and retiring. At cocktail parties he is careful not to turn his back on door or window, and surrounds himself with a cordon of watchful guards.

The country he took over in December is but six years old; it finally broke free from France (as did Lebanon) in 1946. Democracy hardly had a chance to get started there; land-grabbing rich and ambitious politicians quickly brought chaos to the promising land. Shishikly's first step in December was to jail all rival top



ADIB SHISHIKLY
Maybe a Perón, but not a Mossadegh.

politicians and install his right-hand man, Colonel Fawzi Selo, in all their places. Two months later he issued the first of a blizzardlike series of nearly 200 government decrees which turned Syria virtually inside out.

The decrees covered everything from beggars on the streets to vigorous land reform. He abolished all titles such as *pasha* and *effendi*. He told Syria's editors that 70 newspapers were too many, and when they would not merge, he wiped out 19 of them. He rewarded motherhood: medals for mothers of three, free railroad passes for mothers of nine, and the rating of Grade Excellent for anyone with 16 children. He moved in on Syria's oppressive landlords, many of whose land titles are dubious.

Western businessmen began to hail him as a new Atatürk: a strong man who would bring progress to his people as Atatürk had in Turkey. Some of his decrees were good; others were capricious

or too ambitious. Then, when the decrees took a new direction, barring foreigners from heading or owning control of any Syrian company, Westerners began to wonder whether he was a Perón instead of an Atatürk. At least he is no Mossadegh: he can sometimes be reasoned with, and he knows better than to let his country gallop towards chaos and Communism.

Quashed. At week's end in Cairo, Iraq stood alone in condemnation of Dictator Shishikly, and the Arab League quashed the charges against him. In return, Shishikly promised to release all political prisoners except those facing "specific charges."

Then he went home and passed another decree (No. 197), dissolving all political parties and organizations in Syria.

SOUTH AFRICA Ineffectual Protest

The most influential Negro in South Africa, Dr. John S. Moroka, had warned Prime Minister Malan that the Union's 8,000,000 Negroes would see "the end of black slavery" on April 6, South Africa's tercentenary. The African National Congress, which Moroka heads, would start a civil disobedience campaign on that day.

Last week, when the day came, a steady stream of well-armed cops, backed by armored cars, moved into the teeming native slums of South Africa's main cities. Army reinforcements stood ready at strategic points. But no trouble came. In Johannesburg's "Freedom Square," a dilapidated vacant lot in the Indian-African slum of Fordsburg, only 4,000 blacks showed up, instead of the 100,000 predicted. In & out among them flitted white Communist agitators, jangling collection boxes and spouting pat phrases about "U.S. imperialism in Asia." Sturdy Dr. Moroka (who is not a Communist) climbed up on a platform built of empty beer boxes. By the time he had finished speaking, half of his audience had drifted away.

CHINA "Backward Peasants"

When it comes to boasting of their "agrarian reforms," Chinese Communists like to point to Hupeh province in South China, and to the farmers of Hsi Shui county in particular.

Last week the Communist *Yangtze Daily* had to eat some of its glowing words about the model residents of Hsi Shui. "Backward peasants and disgruntled Communist cadres," armed only with sticks and swords, had swept into the village land reform offices, killed the Communist boss and several of his henchmen. They were tired, the revolters shouted, of being the victims of land reform.

The next day, when they marched on the Communists' county office, the *Yangtze Daily* went on approvingly, they were met on a grassy hillside by well-armed Red troops. When the shooting was over, only 23 of Hsi Shui's 280 discontented farmers were still alive.

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How GM Research Improved Power Steering. Here you see a test car equipped with a special "steering effort" wheel that measures the force required to steer a car under various road and traffic conditions. From this type of information GM has designed a new hydraulic Power Steering unit retaining the vital "road feel" yet enabling you to turn sharp corners and park with one-fifth the former effort.



How GM Engineers Built Push-Button Windows. What's the secret of those magic buttons that lower car windows and raise convertible tops? It's a combination of principles employed in other GM developments. A small electric motor pumps fluid through tubes similar to those in hydraulic brakes—the liquid pressure operates valves that do the job. Here GM engineers check a hydraulic actuator to make sure it's troubleproof.



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Strong Man's Law

Setting aside Cuba's democratic 1940 constitution, Fulgencio Batista, the country's boss since the March 10 revolution, last week handed down a formula by which he expects Cuba to live for the next 20 months. The rules, listed in 275 articles of a "constitutional law," were as rigid as a set of military orders.

All political parties were dissolved. Congress, by being left unmentioned, was suspended (though Congressmen will go on drawing their pay). The freedoms of press, speech and assembly and the right of habeas corpus were guaranteed, but the guarantees were handily voided by an article providing that such rights may be suspended "at any time necessary for the security of the state." They were immediately suspended.

Nevertheless, the constitutional law set a date for its own demise: it provided for general elections on Nov. 15, 1953. By then, political parties will be re-established on Batista's terms. The voters will choose 1) a President, 2) a Congress, and 3) a constitution.

Until elections, the normal legislative powers of Congress will be held by Batista's cabinet, advised by a consultative council of whatever elder statesmen Batista can get to collaborate. The law also gave the cabinet another function: the selection of a Provisional (*i.e.*, non-elected) President. The cabinet needed only a few minutes to select tough, smiling Fulgencio Batista.

THE AMERICAS

Mission to Rio

Secretary of State Dean Acheson will pay his first official visit to Latin America next month. Accompanied by Edward G. Miller, his personal assistant for hemisphere affairs, Acheson will fly to Rio de Janeiro on a good-will mission.

One purpose of Acheson's trip is to assure Latin American countries that the U.S. has not forgotten them. Latinos vividly remember the days of Roosevelt, Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles, when contacts between the U.S. and its sister republics were closely maintained at the top level. On the strength of such relations, the U.S. drew heavily on Latin America in World War II for essential raw materials, afterwards worked with the Latino delegates in founding the U.N. and in establishing, at Rio in 1947, a regional security system that became the model for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But as the U.S. devoted more time to the Korean war and European rearmament, high-level U.S.-Latin American exchanges became less frequent. Latinos have not been happy about it. One result: they have not cooperated in the Korean war as U.S. and U.N. officials had hoped they would.

Under Dictator Getulio Vargas, Brazil was a loyal ally in World War II, providing air bases and sending a 25,000-man unit to fight on the Italian front. Now Vargas is back as Brazil's constitutionally elected President, but his country has held back from joining U.N. forces in Korea. Recently, at a time when a special U.S. mission was in Rio to talk over important development loans, his administration decreed money-transfer regulations



BOSS BATISTA
A formula for living.

considered irksome to foreign investors. Acheson and his advisers believe it is high time to re-establish personal contacts between Vargas and top U.S. officials. The Secretary's visit, they expect, will open the way for a state visit by President Vargas to the U.S. later this year.

CANADA

Westward Ho!

A Vancouver Stock Exchange official watched the frantic floor trading one day last week and murmured: "A miniature 1929." On Calgary's exchange, 1,747,284 shares were traded—an alltime high. In Toronto, where 6,537,000 shares were traded, excitement swept Bay Street like a prairie fire; the high-speed ticker fell 17 minutes behind. Even in Manhattan, far from the source of the commotion, the New York Curb Exchange exceeded the volume of the New York Stock Exchange's Big Board for the first time on a full trading day in six years. Oil stocks, especially Alberta's, were the riotous star performers. The fillip that touched off their jump had long been anticipated; but when it came, the jump was bigger than expected.

Late the preceding afternoon, Alberta's

Premier Ernest Manning had announced that the Westcoast Transmission Co. had been given permission to pipe natural gas from Alberta's Peace River oilfield to Vancouver and down across the U.S. border to Seattle and the Pacific Northwest.

A closer look at Manning's announcement caused many knowledgable gas & oil men to wonder what all the trading excitement was about. The Alberta Conservation Board, while approving Westcoast's application, had declined to approve five other applications for permits to tap Alberta's gas reserves. It had carefully earmarked a mere 300 billion cu. ft. for export; one utility man reckoned that it would take five times that much to justify a \$100 million pipeline to Seattle. The obvious fact: Alberta was by no means ready to permit large-scale gas export. The province still stood by its established policy of holding on to its gas, hoping to bring industry to Alberta.

Out of the Ashcan

ALCAN INTO ASHCAN read a U.S. newspaper headline six years ago. The U.S. Army, which built the Alaska (Alcan) Highway in nine hard-driving months of 1942, had just turned over to Canada the 1,221 miles from the starting point at Dawson Creek, B.C., to the Alaska border. The headline writer, like most Americans who gave the matter any thought, assumed that the Alcan—like its famed World War II counterparts, the Burma and Ledo Roads—was purely a product of military emergency, with no peacetime future.

They were wrong about the Alaska Highway: it is busier and better than ever today. Its immediate postwar traffic of 500 vehicles a month has zoomed to 1,000 a day. Even the new peak is expected to double after next June, when the connecting Hart Highway from the West Coast is completed. That will cut off a 900-mile detour and give traffic from as far south as San Diego, Calif., direct access to the Yukon and Alaska.

The men who maintain it call the Alaska Highway "the best gravel road in the world." Since 1946, Canada has spent \$26 million in straightening, widening, bridging and otherwise improving it. Winter and summer, some 300 workers grade and gravel every inch of its surface at least twice a week. The result: a road on which even trucks and heavy tourist trailers can do up to 500 miles a day.

The highway runs through some of North America's most striking scenery and some of its best fish and game country. It is drawing a steadily increasing stream of tourists and sportsmen to northern Canada and Alaska. It has also opened up a new avenue for prospectors, giving them access to a new mineral-rich area scarcely tapped before. In the last five years, new deposits of silver, lead, gold, zinc, copper, asbestos, tungsten, molybdenum and manganese have been found in paying quantities near the highway.

PEOPLE

Inside Sources

For *Harper's Bazaar*, Novelist-Playwright Truman (The Grass Harp) Capote recalled a touching secondhand memory of Greta Garbo: "I stopped by the apartment of a friend who previously that afternoon had entertained Garbo at tea. As I entered the room and started to sit down in an especially comfortable-looking chair piled with pillows, my friend, a very sane fellow, suddenly asked would I mind not using that particular chair. 'You see,' he said solemnly, 'she sat there: the dent in the little red pillow, that's where her hand rested—I should like to keep it a while longer.' I understood him perfectly."

Field Marshal Sir William Slim, chief of the British Imperial General Staff, arrived to give a series of lectures at U.S. military institutions. Said he: morale in British forces is "absolutely first-class"; civilian morale is good too: "We shall grouse; we shall grumble; people will say we're decadent. Then somebody will hit us and they'll find we're not."

In Rome, after a separation from her husband John ("Shipwreck") Kelly, Brenda Frazier Kelly, 30, No. 1 café society queen a decade ago, sounded a warning to her successors: being a glamour girl is "the worst thing that can happen to you... It's all so superficial. It means nothing." Besides: "Nobody is interested in an ex-glamour girl."

The Duke of Edinburgh, taking a look at British industry, put on a Royal Navy work suit and joined a pit shift in a Lancashire coal mine. After spending two hours 3,000 feet underground, he completed his tour with a shower in the miners' bathhouse and a 19¢ lunch in the company canteen.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
He stayed for lunch.

New Directions

In Manhattan, where he is still playing Caesar one night and Antony the next, Sir Laurence Olivier was spending part of his offstage time taking singing lessons. His next job will be playing Captain Macbeth in a movie version of *The Beggar's Opera*, his first serious singing role on either stage or screen.

Actress Gloria Swanson, 53, played a one-day stand in a new location: the budget dress department of a Manhattan store where she introduced her own design of spring dresses called "Forever Young," priced to sell for less than \$20.

After winning \$14,000 in a damage suit against wealthy Canadian Gold Man Duncan McMartin, who slapped his face in a Nassau hotel, Cinemactor Errol Flynn decided to buy a hotel of his own. The location: Jamaica, where he already owns a small island, a ranch and a plantation.

After Broadway's Billy Rose attended a party at the house of Cinemactress Joan Fontaine, Hollywood gossips (with some subtle encouragement from the little showman himself) launched a new romance. Joan promptly sank it. Said she: "I threw a cocktail party and Billy Rose was there. That's all. I've never been out with him. Funny thing, he still thinks I gave the party for him . . ."

Just Deserts

After reading that King Farouk was an avid butterfly collector, Dr. Lloyd E. Alexander, head of the biology department at Kentucky State College for Negroes in Frankfort, wrote a letter to Cairo. Could the King spare some of his royal bugs and butterflies for the college collection? Last week Professor Alexander an-

nounced that the King had been more than happy to accommodate his fellow naturalists: 27 boxes full of 909 specimens had arrived at the Egyptian Embassy in Washington.

In Uvalde, Texas, former Vice President John Nance Garner, 83, invited the city commissioners to a meeting. Said he: "I'm not a *marijuana* man, and I want to do something now." Then he deeded to the city his two-story home with six square blocks of land, to be used "as a library or a museum or any way the city wants." The gift was in memory of his wife Ette, who died in 1948.

In Washington, Contralto Marian Anderson announced that she would do a repeat performance of her famous 1939 Lincoln Memorial concert in honor of the late Harold L. Ickes, who offered her the use of the Memorial steps after the D.A.R. barred her from singing in Constitution Hall.

At Clarence House, London, Queen Elizabeth II personally conferred the title of Honorary Knight of the British Empire on Manhattan businessman William V. Griffin, president of the English-Speaking Union, director of TIME Inc.

In Washington, the President signed a special bill granting permanent U.S. residence to Vienna-born Rudolf Bing, \$35,000-a-year manager of the Metropolitan Opera, and his Moscow-born wife Nina, naturalized British citizens who have been living in the U.S. on temporary visas since 1949.

After a successful tour of Italy Frank Lloyd Wright arrived in Paris with his autobiographical exhibit called "Sixty years of living Architecture." The 82-year-old architect was obviously pleased with one of his recent awards, the Gold Medal of the City of Florence. Said he: "Dante wanted it and never got it. Then they go ahead and give it to an American from the tall grass of the western prairies."



Hansing-Henne—Horst's Photo
GRETA GARBO
She came to tea.



UPI Photo
SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER
He'll sing for his supper.

PERSONALITY

WHEN the courts of South Africa tried Michael Scott for breaking the laws that now rigidly segregate Europeans and non-Europeans, he was asked how he could decently mix with such people. He answered with a quotation:

"There cannot be 'Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman and freeman, but Christ is all in all.'"

The corridors of the United Nations—whether in New York or Paris—have grown used to an untidy priest. He is tall and strikingly handsome. He has that reserved, pro-consular look, the bony nose, the clear eyes, the careless hair that the British prefer for their archetype rather than the beery John Bull. His speech is slow and unemotional. He is never without a briefcase that bulges, like a refugee's pack, with badly duplicated memoranda and official reports. He is the Rev. Michael Scott; he has no official position, not even a parish. He can point to few positive achievements. Some of his friends claim that he has worsened situations he came to change. Yet he has won himself a rare position in the Western world.

In 1949 he spoke before the Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations in New York on behalf of three obscure African tribes. They were peoples of no strategic importance; they had been under the protection of the League of Nations, and were protesting against their arbitrary incorporation into the Union of South Africa. The great powers were sympathetic but embarrassed. He went again in 1950, and an old intestinal disease made him lobby from his bed. He spoke again in 1951 and 1952 in Paris. The committee invited representatives of the three tribes, but the government of South Africa refused to let them go. Scott spoke merely as the only white man the bewildered tribesmen trusted.

He is no Savonarola, fanatic and intolerant. Like most honest men, he is torn with doubts. Only too easily he can see his opponents' point of view. He is a man moved by compassion, who desires only justice and love. It sounds inadequate. In politics he is often oversimplistic and makes honest politicians impatient. Yet, somehow representing the Christian and liberal tradition of the West, quite untaught by the new philosophical short cuts that lead over the edge, he has made himself a quiet power wherever men consider the rights of underprivileged peoples.

MICHAEL SCOTT is a clergyman of the Church of England. He is a man who has tried to be absolutely logical about being a Christian, and to carry the logic into public life and politics. He has tried to practice such uncomfortable texts as "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." In doing so he has found himself in a position where many sincere men regard him as a mischievous crank, a self-advertising fanatic and an easy tool for Communists. Many other men regard him as their only effective friend in politics, as a man who intends to do good as well as be good. With David Livingstone and Albert Schweitzer, he is one of the few who have penetrated the barrier of suspicion that exists between the races in Africa, and found friendship and absolute confidence on the other side. (Tribesmen call him the "Hearer," the one who listens and gathers evidence on their behalf.)

He is the son of an English parson and received a conventional English middle-class education. At the age of 19 he fell ill, and doctors suggested the clear warmth of South Africa. He took a job there, working among people afflicted with leprosy. He went home in 1930 and a little later was ordained an Anglican priest. He worked in a country parish, in a quietly rich London church and among the rough poor of London. He went to India to work quietly in Calcutta and Bombay as an obedient priest. War came, and he joined the R.A.F., not as a

chaplain but as an aircraftman, since he believed that he could not, as a priest, exhort others to fight. But many operations had left him weak. He fell sick again and went back to South Africa.

In the last few years the Negro peoples of Africa have been emerging from a state of mind that has changed little since the start of history. All Africa, south of the Sahara, is still governed by white men. Liberia is the diminutive exception. Some of these governments—those that have offered their Africans education—are now faced with the same racial grief, the same unselective resentment which has led before to the rude rejection of all the gentle things for which the West stands. In the face of this mounting opposition, some of the permanent white populations have reacted strongly. They have, in effect, set a *ne plus ultra* to the march of their black peoples. They have tried to preserve their status in a sort of old imperial aspic. Their fears are human and easily understood; they have resulted in laws and arrangements that seem unjust to strangers.



Boris Chaliapin
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT

THE South Africa to which Scott returned is the most important and most troubled of these mixed societies. The government of the late Field Marshal Smuts passed a bill that segregated the Indian minority in Durban. Scott found that young Indian men & women were going each evening to camp or stand on a piece of ground that was now reserved for Europeans. He put on his cassock and joined them. Pleasant-looking young white men in athletic clothes gathered with pretty girls under the trees opposite. They attacked the Indians, making hunting cries. They did not touch Scott. They merely said, "If you stand for God, I'm against Him." They knocked down the men and called the girls "curry guts." An Indian girl turned to Scott: "It's not their fault; they don't know what they're doing." She was a Moslem and had not read the story of the Crucifixion.

For his share in this affair Scott was sent to prison for three months. The attackers were not arrested. His bishop, torn between embarrassment and admiration, released him from his slum parish in Johannesburg, but left him license to preach.

African ex-servicemen, desperate for somewhere to live, had set up a great semi-permanent camp on the veld close to the city. Pathetically they called it Tobruk, after the place that had seen a great Allied defeat and victory. Scott joined them. But Scott found that life is not a simple fight of good against evil, white against black. The encampment of underprivileged families was run by vicious criminals of their own race. When he tried to hinder them, they burned down the chapel made of sacking that he served. When their leaders left with the communal funds, he paid outstanding wages from his savings. The South African government gave him a suspended sentence for living in an area scheduled for non-Europeans.

IT is not perhaps much of a story. He went to South West Africa, where the three tribes existed, and left it to state their case before the United Nations. He is not a famous man, yet almost any government minister in Britain will receive him, and the State Department has listened to his pleas. He has learned to avoid the company of Communists.

This private man without an organization represents the spirit that the West cannot afford quite to lose. The people he speaks for are without arms or resources, and can play no part in the power line-up of the world. Yet, in ignoring them, the West does injury to itself and to its moral case. His aims for them are moderate; he is passionately sure that they suffer monstrous injustice; he is using whatever means are open to a Christian to help them. It seems certain that he will be defeated in the end and pass, among politicians, for a failure. But it is likely that he will be remembered by millions of voiceless Africans as one Christian who cared enough to do something.

EDUCATION

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The Treasure of Pequot

Southport, Conn., is a little (pop. 2,500) village only 50 miles from Times Square. The villagers and commuters like its quiet, colonial atmosphere, are glad that their town is not growing by leaps & bounds. One of the things they like best is the small, one-story stone building on a peaceful street called the Pequot Library. There, among thrillers and romances, Southporters could find row after row of ancient, leatherbound volumes mostly describing life in colonial times. The old books had been there for years, and people enjoyed browsing through them, though few of them seemed to give the old books much serious thought.

Auctions for the Ladies. The Pequot Library Association knew that the old books were the gifts of two wealthy Southport ladies, Mrs. Virginia Monroe and Mrs. Mary Wakeman. Mrs. Monroe, who donated the library, which opened in 1893, made it her hobby to collect interesting old books for its shelves. A third Southport resident in love with Americana was the Rev. William H. Holman, pastor of the town's Congregational Church. Pastor Holman made it his business to read over rare-book bibliographies and go to auctions for the ladies. His own records show that in 25 years the Rev. Mr. Holman spent more than \$15,000 collecting 3,000 old books and manuscripts for Pequot.

Pequot's directors thought it best not to ballyhoo the collection: if the books were known to be worth \$15,000, someone might steal them. Librarian Edna

Werrey picked out a few of the oldest-looking items and locked them in her vault; the rest were left standing on Pequot's shelves for the people of Southport to enjoy. Then, after the war, inflation hit Southport and the library began having money troubles.

A year ago Pequot's directors reluctantly decided to sell some of the books. They asked Manhattan's Parke-Bernet auction galleries for an appraisal. The expert who came to look got an eyeful. There were papers signed by England's Queen Elizabeth I and King Henry VII and Henry VIII; a complete set of autographs of America's Founding Fathers (estimated value: \$50,000), including the rarest of all, George's Button Gwinnett; a priceless law journal kept by Connecticut's Governor Jonathan Trumbull from 1715 to 1747; the full minutes of the town meetings of Guilford, Conn., from 1665 to 1701; and most of the original tracts and sermons of Cotton and Increase Mather.

Columbus & John Smith. The Parke-Bernet man dug deeper. He found a copy of Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations* . . . dated 1589; a printed letter in Latin by Christopher Columbus describing his trip to the New World; Captain John Smith's history of Virginia and Massachusetts; and John Eliot's 1663 translation of the Bible into the Algonquian Indian language. Finally, Parke-Bernet announced that it would be delighted to sell the collection. It should bring, at auction, from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000.

Book Publisher George Brett and Ac-



LIBRARIAN WERREY & RARE BOOKS
The pastor came home with the crown jewels.

Elliot Elisofon—Life

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OLD FITZGERALD

Still OLD FASHIONED... Still in Style

countant George May (both commuting Southporters) heard the news and begged the library not to sell. Such a treasure trove, they argued, should be used by scholars, not hoarded by private collectors. They called Yale University's Sterling Library and asked Librarian James T. Babb and Donald G. Wing to hurry down. Babb and Wing took one look and rubbed their eyes. "It's the most important Americana find in years," said Wing. "It's like the crown jewels. It's priceless."

That decided Pequot. Last week, a car pulled up to the low, red building in Southport, and Librarian Wing began the ticklish job of transferring the books to Yale's Sterling Library. Pequot's members were sorry to see their old books go, but in a way they were glad. Yale would get the library on a free loan for 15 years. It will be called the "Monroe, Wakeman and Holman Loan Collection of the Pequot Library Association" and, after half a century of use by Southport's citizens, will now be opened to history scholars the world over.

Anyone Can Learn

In Spokane's school district 81, a handful of children from 5 to 24 years sat in the waiting room of the state-operated Health and Guidance Center. They were not normal children. Only a few had IQs over 60; some could not walk or talk very well. Three years ago in Spokane, such retarded children would have been written off as "uneducable." Now each child would see a team of doctors, take a series of tests, and then be educated by the State of Washington to the limit of his ability. For the parents sitting in the waiting room last week, the interviews were the final victory in a long, hard battle to win equal educational rights for mentally handicapped children.

This idea that mentally retarded children need not be put in institutions, but can live at home and go to school, began for Spokane in two basement rooms at St. Joseph's Orphanage. Washington had nothing then but two state asylums for such children, and no plans for an outside program. A nun (Sister M. Virginia Claire) decided to see what the parents themselves could do. She got four couples interested, and helped them draft a plan.

One Small Sentence. By January 1950, when the school was ready to open, parents of eleven children were paying a tuition fee of \$20 a month. They hired a 23-year-old dramatics student, aptly named Patricia Aid, and volunteered to help train their children in the things most youngsters take for granted: how to color inside a square, cut a line with scissors, manage buttons, speak a few basic sentences.

The first year was bitterly hard. "Just existing was quite a struggle," recalls Pat Aid. The school grew to 15, then 24 students. The school had to move out of the orphanage, and scrape together \$1,700 for a down payment on an empty house. Unable to pay all the bills, the parents appealed for help. They got \$181 from a rummage sale, \$500 from Spokane summer



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theater, a \$500 loan from a doctor. It cost about \$300 per semester to teach each retarded child, and the bills kept piling up. For three months Patricia Aid got no pay; once she ran out of food. But the school kept going.

Teacher Aid and her volunteer parents geared their program to speech: if a child could talk, they decided, he could learn. They collected 15,000 pictures from magazines, made the youngest children form words about them, "Maybe after 30 times," says Pat Aid, "a child will suddenly achieve one small sentence." For older children they used card games, dice and bingo to teach numbers, taught sewing, weaving and elementary reading. Teacher Aid acted out such stories as Little Red Riding Hood with exaggerated expressions.

Vegetable with a Chip. Progress came slowly, but it came. A nine-year-old who used to scream and writhe uncontrollably



TEACHER AID
Dice, bingo and Little Red Riding Hood.

now does second-grade reading; a husky 14-year-old who came in like "a vegetable with a chip on his shoulder" was coaxed into struggling with his three Rs.

All the while the parents kept nagging at the state and city to recognize the program and take over their school. Finally, early last year, the state legislature passed a bill permitting the Department of Education to provide for mentally handicapped children. Soon after, district 81 took over the program from the parents.

The school is now housed in a roomy red-brick school building, and its bills are paid by the state. Miss Aid still teaches alone, but next fall she may have 60 pupils and three assistants. Parents in New Jersey, Ohio, California and Massachusetts have heard of the school and written in for advice on how to start one. Spokane's parents do not yet know how much an uneducable child can be taught, but with the help of other U.S. parents and educators they hope to find out.

5 years of General Electric research produce a better base for lamp bulbs



FOR OVER 40 YEARS, lamp bulb bases have been made of brass. Actually, aluminum—the modern metal—is one of the best conductors of electricity known. It would have been used for lamp bases long ago, but no one could develop the necessary

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the San Francisco *Examiner*:

U.C. SCIENTISTS' CHILD STUDY SHOWS
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BOYS AND GIRLS

Contract Canceled

When Hearst Columnist Walter Winchell had a relapse last month, after doctors had ordered "a complete rest" (TIME, Feb. 4), his column dropped out of some 600 papers, and he discontinued his Sunday night broadcast. Last week Winchell's \$500,000-a-year radio contract with Warner-Hudnut, Inc. was canceled. The

diagrams, etc., and he took his present assignment under protest. But his ignorance of politics has hardly been a handicap. Last week, scarcely a year after he started newspaper cartooning, Norris was named the best cartoonist of 1951 in Canada's annual Toronto Press Club National Newspaper Awards, roughly equivalent to the U.S. Pulitzer Prizes. Many a Canadian went a step further and called him the best cartoonist Canada has ever had.

Family Man. Though the *Sun* bills Norris as a "political" cartoonist, he uses his pen and eye more for mild satire on the passing Canadian social scene. He feels that "symbolism, or words with faces and



"CANADA'S UNDEFENDED BORDER"
Ignorance is no handicap.

Norris—Vancouver Sun

American Broadcasting Co. announced that Winchell "will take an extended vacation because of ill health," and his Sunday spot will be taken by Columnist Drew Pearson. Winchell still collects on a separate lifetime contract for an undisclosed amount with ABC. No one could say when he would return to either his broadcast or his newspaper column. Said Executive Editor Glenn Neville of the New York *Mirror*, Winchell's home paper: "All we know is that there's nothing organically wrong with him. He's fatigued and exhausted. We're just waiting for him to come back, although we've no idea when that will be."

Top of the List

"I was a political moron when I took this job—and I still am." So Leonard Norris, 38, describes his qualifications for the job of political cartoonist on the Vancouver *Sun*. Norris joined the paper two years ago as a staff artist drawing maps,

hairy guys labeled 'war,' are not my line." An admirer of famed London *Daily Express* Cartoonist Carl Giles (TIME, Dec. 11, 1950), Norris shows Giles's influence in his own work. Norris populates his world with shy, baffled citizens, harried housewives, fiercely determined children. He lampoons everything from Canada's first native-born Governor General and the laws against colored margarine to Colonel Blimp at the Club. Typically, his prize-winning drawing spoofs the zeal of the Canadian Mounties searching for smuggled American cigarettes (*see cut*).

Like many another cartoonist, Norris has created a family: George Phelps, his wife and children, including Filbert, a chillingly destructive child. In one cartoon, Mrs. Phelps is shown applying for a job as a civilian-defense volunteer, with Filbert stealthily preparing a dynamite charge to blow up the office, and another child—at the end of a leash—growling savagely at a terrified dog. Asks the star-

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ted clerk: "And you say you have experience with riots, first aid, salvage and repair, a knowledge of weapons and nothing but contempt for the atom bomb?"

Local Angle. New to newspaper cartooning, Norris is an old hand at the drawing board. Born in London, he went to Canada as a child, just out of high school got a job as a draftsman. He skipped college, did drawings for ad agencies. During World War II, as a captain in the Canadian army, he put out a technical magazine.

At war's end Norris became art director of Maclean-Hunter's *Canadian Homes & Gardens* in Toronto, later moved west to the *Sun*. Publisher Don Cromie has not syndicated Norris because he likes the local angle and "I don't want him to swing his stuff toward the syndicated style." But now that his local boy has made good, Cromie may have to change his mind.

Enter *Perspectives USA*

This week the \$513 million Ford Foundation announced that it is going into the magazine business. Starting in October, the foundation will publish *Perspectives U.S.A.*, a quarterly designed to show people outside the U.S. that "Americans can think as well as chew gum." The magazine, a pet project of the foundation's Associate Director Robert Hutchins, will be uncompromisingly highbrow, and will run original articles and reprints on literature, music, theater, history, philosophy, plus American poetry, action, and art. There will be no advertising, propaganda or politics. It will be printed abroad, at first in English, French, German and Italian, but other languages, e.g., Spanish, Russian and Arabic, may be added later. *Perspectives* will sell abroad for about 25¢, while the few copies that are sold in the U.S. will be \$1.

The idea of *Perspectives* was presented to the foundation by James Laughlin, 37, great-grandson of the co-founder of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., and founder and angel of the *avant-garde* book publishing house, New Directions. Laughlin will be publisher and straw boss of *Perspectives*, but "to avoid any taint of cultism," each issue will have a different editor. Such critics and writers as Lionel Trilling, R. P. Blackmur, Malcolm Cowley, Jacques Barzun, Harry Levin and Mortimer Adler have already agreed to sit in. The foundation is setting aside \$500,000 for *Perspectives* for the first three years, will print 30,000 copies of its first issue.

Perspectives' "pilot" issue is a handsome, 236-page slick-paper job with a full-color abstract design on the cover. Inside are reprints of articles by Selden Rodman, Meyer Schapiro, Thornton Wilder and others, poetry by Archibald MacLeish and Robert Lowell, and fiction by William Faulkner. The pilot issue, foundation officials explained, is not an exact standard by which to judge *Perspectives*: only about half the pilot articles will be in the first issue. Nevertheless, the pilot issue gave the whole project—unless substantially changed—the flavor of a "little magazine's" fragile view of American culture, blown up to Ford-plant size.

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Bad Break

"I only wish," said Giant Outfielder Monte Irvin last year, "that I'd had my chance to play in the big leagues ten years ago. I was 22 then and twice the ballplayer I am now. I could run faster and throw harder. My reflexes were sharper, and I could make a lot more use of my power."

Irvin's performances in the Negro National League back up his modest boast. But not until Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color line did fleet-footed Monte Irvin get his chance. By that time he was 28.

At first, his chances looked mighty thin. Brooklyn and Cleveland snubbed him. He was too old, they said. The New York Giants took him for their Jersey City team in 1949. Irvin hit .373 in 63 games, and the Giants brought him up to the majors for a trial. But Irvin was overeager to make up for lost time, and he failed by hitting miserably, .224. The next year he started all over again at Jersey City. He hit a fabulous .510 for 18 games, and the Giants gave him another chance. This time Irvin made it, hitting an even .300 in the 1950 season.

Last year, Irvin came into his own. He patrolled left field with the speed of a rookie, the finesse of a pro. Manager Leo Durocher called Irvin the most underrated player in the major leagues. To show that he meant what he said, Durocher recommended that his 1952 salary be doubled, up to a reported \$25,000 a season.

Last week, in a meaningless practice game with the Cleveland Indians, Irvin,

playing all out as usual, slid toward third base. He never got there. His spikes plowed into the dirt, caught and stuck. There was a sickening snap as Irvin's right ankle gave way under the strain of his 200 lbs. As he lay writhing in pain, his ankle, as if in mockery of all the wasted years and the blasted hopes, stuck out at a grotesque right angle. Outfielder Willie Mays, Irvin's roommate and admiring fan, wept openly at the sight.

After Irvin's ripped tendons and broken bone had been firmly fixed in the cast, the doctors shook their heads. Irvin, they said, was probably through for the season—maybe for all time. It was not only a bad break for Irvin, but also for the Giants' pennant hopes. Speaking with the firm conviction of a man who has often rubbed elbows with hard luck, Irvin said: "This won't stop me, and it won't stop the Giants . . . I'll be back in July or August. I'll be playing by then."

Two Old Masters

The annual Masters Golf Tournament at Augusta, Ga., probably holds more memories, happy and unhappy, than any other in the world. It was there that Gene Sarazen shot his famed double eagle, holing out with a 220-yd. wood shot for a two on a par five hole, to tie and later win in 1935. Last week Old Pro Sarazen, now 50, carried away another memory: a "shocking" eight, five over par, on the short 12th hole. For the first time in 30 years of tournament play, Sarazen quit in disgust. But not Sam Snead.

Snead could also recall an unhappy time. Just last year, when he was leading at the fourth and final round, he shot a disastrous eight (on No. 12), and folded, with an 80, thoroughly out of the running. On that occasion, cool Ben Hogan, who could remember losing the 1946 Masters when he three-putted the final green, came from behind to win with a four-under-par 68. Last week, after the second round, it seemed the same story all over again, with two old masters out in front of the younger aspirants. It was front-running Snead, 37, v. fast-finishing Hogan, 39.

Both shot 70s on the first round. Hogan, playing his usual deliberate, calculating game, added another 70. Snead, more flamboyant and erratic, shot a dazzling 67, for a three-stroke lead. Sharpshooting Sam, not forgetting the usual Hogan hex, was nevertheless bubbling: "I'm riding a hunch that's almost infallible. Almost every time I play the short holes in par, or better, I win. And I'm three under par right now. I've had four deuces, three threes and a four."

Some of the bubble and bounce went out of Snead in the third round. A blustery wind sent scores soaring. Hogan, imperturbable as usual, had a 74. Snead, playing later and knowing what he had to do to keep the lead, couldn't do it. He shot a 77, sending golf's two topflight players into the final round tied at 214.



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GOLFER SNEAD
He rode o hunch.

apiece. Said Hogan, discussing his chances with a tight-lipped smile: "The low score will win."

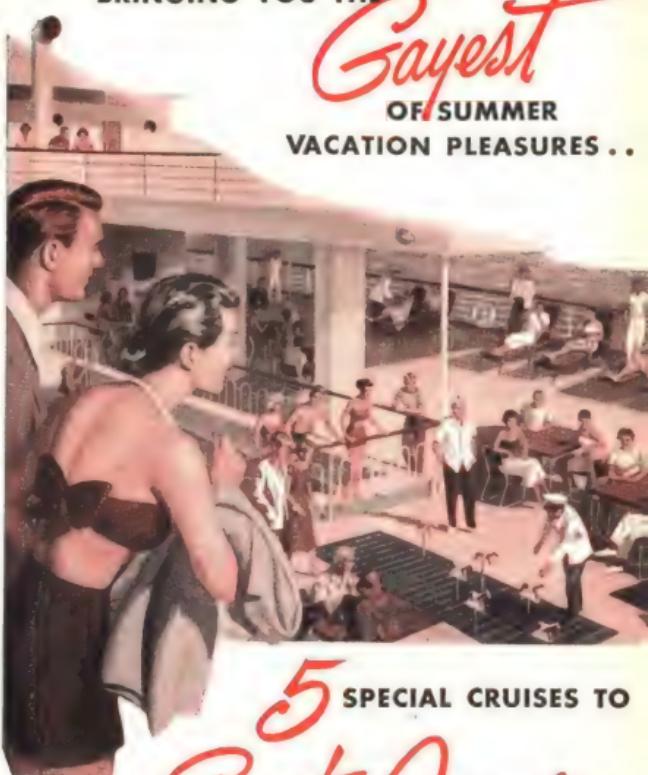
The wind let up a little for the final round, but the skittish greens proved too much for the U.S. Open champion. Hogan putted 40 times, came home in seven over par. Snead started steadily, played poorly on the 11th, almost blew up when he dropped his 12th tee shot in the water. His next shot, almost as bad, barely hung on the far bank of the stream. He recovered with a miraculous pitch into the cup. After that the tension was gone. Although he did not need it to win, Snead finished with a fine birdie 3 on the 18th. His winning score: 286.

Even Snead admitted that it was Hogan's collapse rather than his own skill that decided the tournament. Said the new Masters champion with an air of discovery: "I guess Hogan is human after all."

World Series in Britain

During the night, some 1,000 fans patiently queued for tickets. By morning, when tickets went on sale, the queue had swelled to 16,000, stretching for two miles. The crowd became unruly; it pushed over a couple of brick walls, trampled gardens, uprooted hedges. This frenzied performance by normally well-behaved Englishmen was directed to a single-minded purpose: getting tickets for the Chelsea-Arsenal soccer game, the semifinal climax of the Football Association Cup matches. By noon, 50,000 tickets had been sold, and scalpers were offering them for resale at eight times the 2 shillings sixpence (35¢) purchase price. Britons were at a World Series fever pitch.

The baseball comparison was evident in other ways. The Arsenal eleven, glamor-



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ous, wealthy and efficient, resembles the New York Yankees; Chelsea, lovably erratic, has a Brooklyn Dodgers appeal. Arsenal is the most popular team in London, draws an average of 53,000 fans a game, and has rewarded its loyal rooters with six league championships and three Football Cups in the past 20 years. Chelsea, whose London fans are just as prepared to laugh as to cheer, draws an average of 38,000. It has repaid this loyalty by never winning a league championship, by losing its only cup final (1915), and by falling twice into the second division, i.e., a lower league.

Defense v. Offense. The contrast is also apparent on the playing field. Arsenal's five internationals (players who compete for England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales) are defensive specialists; three of Chelsea's five internationals are offensive forwards. Arsenal plays a "smash and grab" game, unpretty but effective, concentrating on defense until it gets a sudden scoring chance. Chelsea plays a "copy book" game, pretty but often ineffective, concentrating on deft dribbling and pinpoint passing.

At last week's game, the crowd was better behaved than on the day of the ticket sale. No one offered to kill the referees and no one screamed for the manager's scalp. If a score appeared imminent, spectators shouted a genteel, "have a go." A scoring failure was greeted with good-natured cries of "good try, lad." A finer scoring shot was rewarded with cries of "Smashing!" Arsenal scored late in the first half; in the second half, Chelsea tied it up in a melee in front of the Arsenal goal. It ended that way: 1-1.

This week Chelsea's defense fell apart. Arsenal "smashed and grabbed" the play-off 3 to 0. For their work, each player was rewarded with a £15 (\$42) bonus. There was £2 extra for each of the winners to augment their weekly pitance of £14, standard salary for all first-division players, regardless of ability. The money would hardly pay the fishing-equipment bill of the Boston Red Sox's \$125,000-a-year outfielder, Ted Williams.

Who Won

¶ Teal (100-7), the Grand National Steeplechase; at Aintree, England. With heavy mist as an added hazard, the 30-jump, 4½-mile course took its usual toll; five jockeys hospitalized, one horse destroyed, only ten finishers out of a starting field of 47.

¶ The New Haven Swim Club, i.e., Yale's varsity, freshmen and alumni, the A.A.U. team championship, over Ohio State, 113-97; at New Haven. Star of the meet: Ohio State's (and Hawaii's) Ford Konno, who won the 1,500-meter, 220- and 440-yd. events.

¶ Henry Wittenberg, 33, a New York City policeman, his eighth A.A.U. wrestling title; at Ithaca, N. Y.

¶ Bayard Sharp's Hannibal, the six-furlong Experimental Handicap No. 1, first spring preview for Kentucky Derby candidates; at Jamaica, N. Y.

¶ Wisconsin's boxers, the N.C.A.A. team title; at Madison, Wis.



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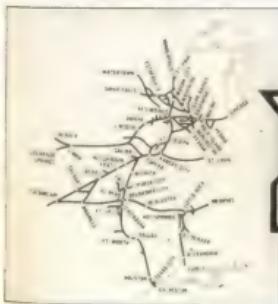
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*Reader's Digest
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On Again, Off Again

Doctors announce their defeats as well as their victories with new drugs. A Vancouver, B.C. physician reports that he tried ACTH on three patients suffering from a type of baldness in which all the body's hair falls out. After about three weeks, all three had promising growths of hair. The only trouble: when the ACTH had to be stopped because of the patients' intolerance to further treatment, all their hair fell out again.

Battle in the Dark

Many of the sharpest eye specialists in the U.S. gathered last week at Johns Hopkins' Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute for their yearly exchange of views. The newest and most baffling problem in the field of eye disease was not on their agenda, and for good reason: although some of the eyemen had done a vast amount of work on it in the past year, none felt that he had learned anything definite enough to get up and talk about. And the chances are that if any of them had, few of his colleagues would have accepted his findings.

The mysterious disease is retrothal fibroplasia (RLF), in which there is a fibrous thickening of tissue behind the lens in the eye. Nobody knows the cause. The eye is to becloud the retina, the screen on which the lens focuses its image of things seen. Often the retina itself is changed beyond recognition: doctors are far from agreement on the signs of the disease, and some wonder whether they are dealing with two or more diseases.

RLF & Prematures. RLF has mushroomed from an almost unknown disease ten years ago to a major cause of blindness in children up to kindergarten age. Every year the estimate of infants who will lose their sight because of RLF has to be raised; it now stands at 650 annually in the U.S., and the numbers are increasing in British Commonwealth countries and in Europe. Some of the increase was to be expected because RLF strikes almost exclusively among premature babies (mainly those weighing 4 lbs. and under), and the number of these who now survive, thanks to more and better incubators, has been rising steadily. But strangely, the number of RLF cases is going up faster than the survival rate of prematures.

One of the most disheartening features of the battle against the disease is that so many promising trials, seeming to lead toward a cure, suddenly come to a dead end. Two researchers in Boston (where the disease is inexplicably commoner than in most cities) thought they had the answer in unbalanced iron and vitamin rations given to premature. In Baltimore, Drs. William and Ella Owens seemed to get good results in arresting the disease with a vitamin E preparation (TIME, Aug. 20, 1950), but other doctors could not duplicate their results. Some eyemen report

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that ACTH and cortisone have checked RLF; others differ.

Is Oxygen an Answer? Many doctors have wondered whether the oxygen given to incubator babies somehow caused RLF; or perhaps it was the way the babies were taken off oxygen—slowly or suddenly. Dr. Thaddeus S. Szewczyk of East St. Louis (where RLF is rampant although it is rare across the river in St. Louis) now reports that he has seen no lasting damage from RLF in premature babies since he started giving them a minimum of oxygen and tapering it off slowly.

Other doctors who have studied the oxygen problem doubt that these results mean anything. Said a St. Louis eyeman last week: "The more we learn about RLF, the less we know."

"It's My Nerves"

Modern man worries so much about his ability to measure up to the challenges of his environment that he often, literally, worries himself sick. So believes Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, chancellor of Sydney University and grand old (78) man of Australian medicine, who sees patients when other doctors have not been able to decide what ails them. Most alarming, Physician Blackburn feels, is the fact that for the first time in history, man may have reached the point where he admits defeat in the face of great odds.

In "strenuous and difficult times" in the past, he writes, the emphasis was upon the necessity for the individual to adjust to his environment and meet his difficulties. Many laggards were brought to a higher level of accomplishment by "mass suggestion," while the few who did not rise in this way were despised or even executed. This, of course, was unfair. But since Freud, so much emphasis is put upon the hazards surrounding the individual that he may lose the stimulus to make a fight. He is encouraged in this by the widely held idea that "the conditions of life today are such that it is difficult for any but the most exceptional nervous system to stand up to them."

"How completely the patient's attitude towards nervous instability has changed is best appreciated," says Sir Charles, "by doctors who can look back 20 or 30 years to a time when it was almost regarded as an insult to suggest to a man that his 'nerves' were his trouble, and who now see one after another coming to tell him that 'his nerves have gone' or that he has just had, or fears that he is 'on the verge of,' a nervous breakdown."

Sir Charles does not feel that patients alone are to blame. While he regrets that more stress is not put on the need for facing up to difficulties, he admits: "In this age of anxiety and frustration, there is an increase in the number of those who, facing or fearing ill health, are in urgent need of sympathetic and understanding medical advice." Are they likely to get it? "Unfortunately, many of the changes that are taking place in . . . medical practice tend to weaken rather than strengthen the traditional tie between the doctor and his patient."



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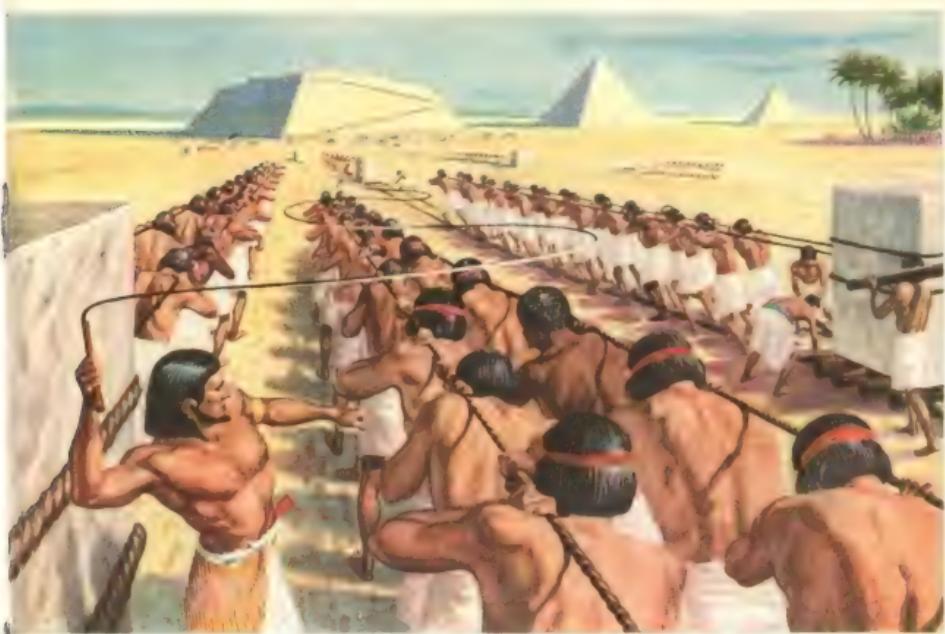
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SCIENCE

Calling All Martians

How do earthlings go about striking up a conversation with the inhabitants of other planets? The British Interplanetary Society, which considers such questions with scientific solemnity, heard a lecture last week by Lancelot Hogben, F.R.S., author of 1936's bestselling book *Mathematics for the Millions*.*

Assume, said Hogben, that the earth's "E.T.N." (Extraterrestrial Neighbors) can perceive or record radiation in some part of the electromagnetic spectrum (light, heat, radio waves, etc.). Also assume that the earth can send such radiation strongly enough to reach the nearest planets. After all, radio waves are being beamed to the moon as a matter of routine, and their



Caters

LANCELOT HOGGEN

The Neighbors may have no fingers.

feeble reflections, bounced back to earth, are heard easily.

First Words. But what can earthlings say that their Extraterrestrial Neighbors will understand? Let's begin, said Hogben, by some small talk about numbers, whose properties do not vary from planet to planet. Most numerical systems (the Roman, Chinese, Mayan) grew out of simple tally marks. One mark stood for "one"; two marks for "two," etc. Probably the Neighbors passed through a similar stage in their early intellectual development and have records of it. So Hogben's first mes-

* Hogben is also famous in England as an extreme example of the peculiar professor, who forgets his own birthday and talks indistinctly, with his eyes shut tight. This sort of thing has attracted the attention of the bobbies. During a recent trial, when Hogben was acquitted of drunken driving, a friendly colleague testified: "There is no other man I know more likely to be mistaken for a drunken man when he is quite sober."



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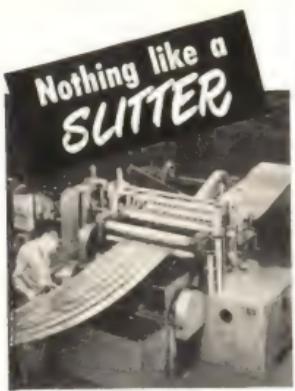
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sage into space would be an equation in simplified Roman numerals:

"I plus II plus III equals IIIII."

The numbers are "dashes" (single strokes repeated), and the plus signs and equals sign are "flashes." By flashes Hogben means easily recognized groups of radio signals, rather like the letters of the Morse code.

When the Neighbors have heard this equation, repeated often enough, they ought to understand its meaning. By taking it apart, they can learn the first few words of the interplanetary language. More complicated equations will teach them more words. Some will be "operators" (plus, minus, times), which are very like verbs.

In building up the numbers, Hogben pointed out, earthlings won't necessarily use the decimal system, which originated from the fact that humans have ten fingers. They cannot assume that the Neighbors have ten fingers—or any fingers at all, for that matter. But some "rank system" is needed, so he suggests basing earth's numbers not on ten but twelve, which is handier mathematically, anyhow.

Hogben gives much attention to the question of a question mark. If the Neighbors can be induced to respond and take active part in the discussion, the teaching process should be easier. The morale of the teachers should improve, too, as soon as they are convinced that their class is attentive.

Interplanetary News. Teaching the Neighbors a system of numerals, Hogben calls his "fresher" (freshman) course. For his sophomore course he casts about for some other topic that earthlings have in common with their Neighbors. The best one, he thinks, is astronomy. The "Venerians" (inhabitants of Venus), who supposedly live at the bottom of an opaque atmosphere, may know nothing about the sky, but the Martians should. Their atmosphere is clearer than the earth's.

To start his sophomore course, Hogben goes back again to the early days of human intellectual development. The first body of scientific knowledge that most cultures accumulated was data on the calendar (the apparent motion of the sun) and on the motion of the planets. So human astronomers should first work out the dates of such events as they are experienced on Mars. Sent across space in the language of numbers as "interplanetary news items," they should be easily recognized by the Martians.

As the interplanetary language develops, whole new topics of conversation will gradually open up. The subject of chemistry can be broached through the numerical properties of the spectra of stars. When the language can cope with anatomy, earthlings will learn what the Neighbors look like. At last, when interplanetary chatter becomes commonplace, individual humans should be able to make friends with individual Martians. They can compare their rhythms of life and death. They can even compare their respective intelligence by playing "celestial chess" across the emptiness of space.



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S.B.C.C.A.

Making Texas businessmen look at contemporary art is no easy job. Persuading the wealthy among them to buy it is harder yet. This week Jerry Bywaters, director of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, opened a show aimed at softening up the businessman's attitude toward U.S. and European modernists.

Although the exhibit included 53 top-notch works by some of the 20th century's most accomplished artists, it was not the paintings but the paintings' owners that were featured. Cryptically entitled S.B.C.C.A. (Some Businessmen Collect Contemporary Art), the show displayed, alongside each Matisse and Marin, a prosperous-looking photograph of the owner, plus a carefully documented pedigree of his business.

"We think this is the only thing that will impress the local businessman," says Bywaters. "A local man will look at a wild Picasso and think, 'What crazy jackass would buy a thing like that?'—and then see that it belongs to the vice president of Inland Steel . . . He'll wonder about his own taste and if maybe he isn't missing something." In addition to Inland Steel Vice President Leigh B. Block, the lenders included such successful modern-art buyers as Financier "Jock" Whitney (an André Derain), Cinemogul William Goetz (a Matisse) and Chicago Grocer Nathan Cummings (a Renoir). For the further edification of Dallas, the show also contained a John Sloan, a Vuillard and a Feininger from private collections in Fort Worth, a Max Ernst and a Loren MacIver from Houston.

Dallas Retailer Stanley (Neiman-Marcus) Marcus, who lent an ultramodern Rufino Tamayo to the show, gave fellow Texans a hardheaded reason for wild-cattin' in the field of modern art. "Most of the paintings hanging in this exhibition," wrote Marcus in an introduction to the show's catalogue, "have increased greatly in actual cash value since they were purchased."

ART

The Night Side

Joseph Americus Oneto, San Francisco bachelor, had a problem seven years ago. He worked a 44-hour week as a clerk in the city water department, but that still left a lot of spare time, and he was "sick of sitting in bars." Joe decided that the solution to his heavy-hanging leisure was painting. He began spending his weekends haunting San Francisco's galleries, and devoted his evenings to reading books on oil-painting technique and experimenting with brush and canvas. By 1950, he had taught himself enough to win the \$1,000 first prize at the California State Fair. Last week 40-year-old Joe Oneto (rhymes with no veto) got his first one-man show in San Francisco's Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Since Joe's painting day does not begin until most artists have put away their brushes, he has taken to painting San Francisco at night. He finds that when the lights come on, streets and buildings have a special "atmosphere not found in the cold, harsh light of day." Joe is not much interested in painting people. "You don't find people around the street lamps—especially in out-of-the-way places. It'd be phony to put them in. A guy and a gal would distract from the painting—they'd look all goofy and drippy."

As a result, Joe's San Francisco is a lonely place. Its deserted streets are eerily illuminated by glowing jar-shaped street lights ("my trademark"); deep shadows surround ghostly, luminous walls. Empty cable cars creep along phosphorescent tracks. To get his subjects, Oneto prowls San Francisco's hills and back streets, goes back night after night to verify troublesome details. On his jaunts, Oneto keeps an eye peeled for old-fashioned houses, especially those with plenty of gingerbread: "I'm only interested in San Francisco architecture before the [1906] fire." A good example of Oneto's prefer-

ence is the turreted clapboard mansion in *Circa 1880*. "I liked the angular shadows the light made, and the way it hit the bay window."

Oneto pictures sometimes have a slick, posterish quality, rely too often on monotonous tricks of contrast for their dramatic effect. But at their best, as in his bleak *Two Houses*, they catch a lot of the mystery and melancholy of U.S. cities in the small hours.

Does he plan to try daytime painting some time? No, says Joe. "Why work the same side of the street as everybody else?"

Over Pablo's Shoulder

Among modern-art enthusiasts, pretty Françoise Gilot, 30, must rest her main claim to fame on her great & good friendship with Pablo Picasso. Since 1945, she has kept house for him on the French Riviera, served as model for dozens of portraits, borne him two children, Claude (four) and Paloma (three). In Paris last week, Françoise made a bid for a bit more attention in her own right: she put on a one-man show of her own paintings for the first time.

Françoise, who paints between household chores, had found her subjects close by: vegetables, flowers, kitchen utensils, portraits of her children. Stylistically she stayed close to home too, turned out canvases that looked as though they might have been painted over the aging master's shoulder. "Picasso never gave me any lessons," said Françoise, "but of course I showed my pictures to him and he showed his pictures to me. Naturally, Picasso has set a most inspiring example with his own work."

At the show's opening last week, Picasso, who considers Françoise's work "Beautiful and serious," arrived early and proudly signed the guest register. Paris critics were less friendly. Only two papers, both of them Communist and thus naturally solicitous for Comrade Picasso, bothered to review the exhibition. Sample: "Françoise Gilot expresses simple sentiments in a simple way."



"TWO HOUSES"



PAINTER ONETO
Guys and gals would spoil the gingerbread.



Lillian Pagnini—Cal Picture
"CIRCA 1880"



ANDRÉ MARCHAND'S "BASKET OF TOMATOES"

COLORED LIGHT

Though French art is still dominated by such lively oldsters as Picasso (70) and Matisse (82), a bit of youthful vigor is being added by a comparative stripling: André Marchand, 45. This week a Marchand show at London's Wildenstein gallery was helping to export his reputation.

Until World War II, Marchand was just another café intellectual who talked brilliant pictures and painted dull ones. When the Nazis took Paris, Marchand recalls, "I began to notice the countryside. The light was everywhere—green, gold, blue, orange. What is important, I discovered, is light." Three years ago, Marchand fell in love with the sun-drenched marsh region between Arles and the Mediterranean, and took it for his own. He lives there much of the year in solitude, translating its color-laden light, its flamingos and wild bulls, into paint on canvas.

The flamingos, says Marchand, "are so strange. Maybe they are not birds at all. When they fly, their great wings throw off jets of rose that color the sky." Marchand gets just as ecstatic about kitchen-table sights. "A tomato is a disturbing object. Its light is in the interior. Behind each tomato is the universal which the painter must contemplate. It is simple, and a mystery."

Marchand's Platonic approach to things—his effort to get down to essences—helps him steer between the painter's Scylla of mere representation and the Charybdis of mere decoration. Marchand is no great shakes either as a representational draftsman or as a picture designer. His strength lies in his love for nature's colors, and his knowledge of them. "The red in the tube is zero," he says. The red in Painter Marchand's basket of tomatoes is anything but that.



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MILESTONES

Died. Rev. Joseph P. Connor, 56, Roman Catholic parish priest and successful composer of popular songs (*The Miracle of the Bells, When I Take My Sugar to Tea, By a Waterfall*); of arteriosclerotic heart disease; in Teaneck, N.J. Pastor (since 1947) of St. Joseph of the Palisades Church, West New York, N.J., "Father Joe" wrote popular songs under the pen name Pierre Norman, under his own name wrote a mass in the Gregorian style. A member of ASCAP (American Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers) for more than 25 years, he gave royalties from his music to needy parishes.

Died. Dr. Juan Hortensio Quijano, 67, since 1946 Vice President of Argentina; after long post-operative illness; in Buenos Aires.

Died. Eric Spencer Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the ninth Earl Fitzwilliam, 68, whose title and £1,000,000 (\$2,800,000) fortune were the plums last year in one of England's costliest court actions; of heart disease; in Oakham, England. The childless peer's second cousin, Capt. W.T.G.W. ("Tom") Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, became next in line when Tom's older brother, George J. ("Toby") Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, failed to prove that his dashing Royal Horse Guards father was properly married to his actress mother before Toby was born.

Died. Ferenc Molnar, 74, playwright (*The Swan, Lilium, The Guardsman, The Play's The Thing*, and 38 others), novelist and raconteur; in Manhattan. A practicing newsman in his native Budapest for 22 years (until 1918), chipper, monocled Molnar was sometimes called the "Hungarian Molière." A Jew, he fled the Nazis in 1940, became a U.S. citizen. Recently, Communist-dominated Hungary labeled him a "western imperialist," banned his books, although Molnar avoided social and political comment and strove only for sophisticated entertainment. The successful playwright, he once said, must do "some swindling . . . Sometimes it is just cheating your conscience or compromising your values, but it is swindling, nevertheless."

Died. Fala, black Scottie, constant White-House companion of Franklin D. Roosevelt; two days short of his twelfth birthday; in Hyde Park, N.Y. In 1944, the dog became a campaign issue when Republicans charged that a destroyer had been sent to the Aleutian Islands to pick him up after a presidential trip. In the famed Teamsters' Union speech, his master replied: "Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, or my wife, or my sons. No, not content with that, they now include my little dog, Fala. Well, of course, I don't resent attacks, and my family doesn't resent attacks, but Fala does resent them . . ."

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[See Cover]

Manhattan's Adelphi Theater, off Broadway, was filled with a waiting audience. "Thirty seconds!" a tense voice called. The theater hushed. Spotlights flooded the stage with an almost supernatural brightness. "Five seconds, five!" Gentle music filled the air and a technician waved his hand. Calmly striding from the wings came a stately man. He wore a black cassock with purple piping; from his shoulders billowed a purple cape and on his chest gleamed a gold cross. He looked taller than his 5 ft. 8 in.

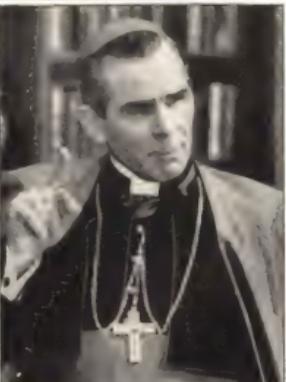
He bowed graciously into the wind of applause, smiling a boyish smile. Then he turned his gaunt, discreetly made-up face (Vs base and light tan powder) toward one of the three television cameras on the stage. He said: "Friends, thanks for allowing me to come into your home again . . ." A microphone, trembling from a slender rod above the speaker's purple zucchetto (skull cap), picked up the resonant tones of his voice—soft, yet suggesting the possibility of thunder—and spirited them across the land to more than 2,000,000 TV viewers.

The voice belonged to His Excellency the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, auxiliary Bishop of New York, perhaps the most famous preacher in the U.S., certainly America's best-known Roman Catholic priest, and the newest star of U.S. television.

Telegenic Cleric. "He's terrific," says a spokesman for the Archdiocese of New York, which produces Bishop Sheen's program. "We get four times as many requests for tickets as we can fill. We turn down a lot of requests that sound as if they might come from girls' schools. We don't want any squealing. First thing you know, he'd turn into a clerical Sinatra. At first we were worried about the show. You know, a half hour of just talking, just standing there looking at the cameras. After all, people have double chins and all that sort of thing. But not he. He's telegenic. He's wonderful. The gestures, the timing, the voice. If he came out in a barrel and read the telephone book, they'd love him."

The Sheen show, called *Life Is Worth Living*, is a half-hour talk on such subjects as freedom, pleasure, war & peace, love. The talks, Christian in outlook but not specifically Roman Catholic, are designed to appeal to listeners of all faiths. The Du Mont network, which presents the show but gets no money for it, gave Sheen what the trade calls an "obituary spot," i.e., conflicting with two very popular shows on other networks, Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra (Tues. 8 p.m., E.S.T.). Against this formidable competition, Sheen has made a spectacular showing.

Du Mont was overwhelmed by the mail response (8,500 letters a week). The program, now carried by 17 stations, has a



BISHOP SHEEN ON TV
Better than Berle?

Trendex popularity rating of 13.7, unequaled by any other "inspirational" or intellectual show. TV columnists raved over it. Wrote New York *World-Telegram & Sun's* Harriet Van Horne: "It's quite possible that he is the finest Catholic orator since Peter the Hermit." Berle's popularity rating has recently dropped ten points, and some columnists attribute this to Sheen. Muses Berle: "If I'm going to be eased off the top by anyone, it's better that I lose to the One for whom Bishop Sheen is speaking."

In the New York archdiocese, a standard Tuesday question among Catholic clerics has come to be: "Who're you going to tune in tonight? Uncle Milton or Uncle Fulton?"

Hair Shirt & Cadillac. Some people think a television screen a strange place to encounter a bishop. Fulton Sheen sees nothing strange about it. He has been broadcasting for 25 years (22 of them on the *Catholic Hour*). He has spoken millions of words—at everything from testimonial dinners to Southampton weddings, from university commencements to Brooklyn communion breakfasts. He has preached in great cathedrals and on Alabama street corners; he would (in the words of Christ's instruction to the apostles) preach upon the housetops, if the occasion arose.

Bishop Sheen is a unique product of two unique historic forces—the Roman Catholic Church and the United States of America. Into the making of Fulton Sheen went St. Paul and Thomas Jefferson, Sanborn and George F. Babbitt.

Sheen is a dedicated man of God; he is also a go-getter. He can be truly moving as well as thoroughly corny. He can write a learned treatise on theology (he taught for 25 years at Catholic University in Washington, D.C.) as well as a snappy fund-raising plug.

He moves among the famous and mighty, but he gives instruction in the Catholic faith to anyone who comes to him. He tries to guide men toward the City of God, but he is a well-known figure in the City of Man. He used to ride in a big black Cadillac, but friends report that he sometimes wears a *cilicio* (something like a hair shirt) under his well-tailored cassock.

He has pitted himself against opponents even more formidable than Milton Berle—Darwin, Freud, Marx and Satan. He gives hell to democrats for not being democratic, to capitalists for being greedy, to all the West for giving Communism an opening by not living up to its own Christian faith. He has harangued statesmen about war & peace and young brides about their sex life. He has announced that he prays every morning for Joseph Stalin, and he has approvingly quoted a heretic (Protestant Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr) on the *Catholic Hour*. His influence as a preacher is incalculably great.

"The world," he says, "has suddenly become missionary-minded. The two great missionary movements which campaign for mankind are Communism and Christianity." U.S. director of the Pontifical



FORD



BROUN

LUCE
In the crisis of souls, a void which God alone can fill.

BUDENZ



KREISLER

United Press, International, James F. Coyne, John Zimmerman, Wide World

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Sheen is himself perhaps the most successful missionary of them all. He brought into the Church such unlikely prospects as Colonel Horace Mann of Tennessee, credited with leading a mudslinging campaign against Catholic Al Smith; Heywood Broun, arch-liberal freethinker; Louis Budenz, managing editor of the Communist *Daily Worker*. Other notable converts: Author Clare Boothe Luce, Violinist Fritz Kreisler, Broadway Stage Designer Jo Mielziner, Motor Scion Henry Ford II. Recently, he has been giving instruction to the wife of a diplomat and to Screen Star Virginia Mayo. He has converted thousands of unknown people, including a hard-boiled bank robber. Says he: "I do not keep count. If I did, I might lose my power."

P.J. to Fulton. The great Sheen voice was first heard 57 years ago in the rooms above Newton Sheen's hardware store in El Paso, Ill. (pop. 1,800). It was quite a voice, even then. "Sakes alive, you could

hear him crying three blocks away," recalls an uncle. "And when we were out riding in the buggy, Grandfather Fulton used to say, 'If you don't stop that crying I'm going to dump you out in the tumbleweeds!'"

When Sheen was small, the family moved to Peoria, 30 miles away. His father alternated between storekeeping and farming. Young Sheen was a frail boy who never ate much and sometimes annoyed his three brothers by curling up with a book rather than help with the chores. He was christened Peter John, and called P.J. as a boy, but he preferred Fulton (his mother's maiden name), and used it until it stuck. His father was a Roman Catholic who had drifted out of the Church but came back to it, and P.J. grew up in a good Catholic home, where no evening passed without the Rosary being recited. Priests often dropped in for supper, or just to talk. Fulton wanted to be a priest as far back as he can remember.

He went to Catholic schools, served as

an altar boy at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, and got an early introduction to the practical side of religion when he sold advertising for the church paper, the *Cathedral Messenger*. He was always in a hurry, even then.

A Speaker Is Made. At St. Viator College, Bourbons, Ill., he was an excellent student. He did not go in for sports, preferring dramatics and essays for the college magazine. (Sample: "I can imagine a St. Francis looking at a virgin lily and saying: 'Who made you, little one, and who made you so lovely and so frail?'")

He made the debating team in his freshman year. The night before the Big Debate with Notre Dame, the coach called him aside and told him bluntly: "Sheen, you're absolutely the worst speaker I ever heard." Whereupon he stood Sheen in a corner, took one paragraph from his prepared speech and made Sheen repeat it for an hour. Then he said: "Do you know what's wrong with you?" Sheen thought hard and said: "I'm not natural."

SHEEN SPEAKING

¶ America, it is said, is suffering from intolerance. It is not. It is suffering from tolerance: tolerance of right and wrong, truth and error, virtue and evil, Christ and chaos . . . The man who can make up his mind in an orderly way, as a man might make up his bed, is called a bigot; but a man who cannot make up his mind, any more than he can make up for lost time, is called tolerant and broad-minded.

¶ Much of the business of philosophy at the present time seems to be to give high-sounding names to cover the sins of man.

¶ Cows have no psychoses, and pigs have no neuroses, and chickens are not frustrated . . . Neither would man be frustrated . . . if he were an animal made only for this world. It takes eternity to make a man despair.

¶ Paraphrasing the story of the Pharisee (who was a very nice man), we can imagine him praying in the front of the temple as follows: "I thank Thee, O Lord, that my Freudian adviser has told me that there is no such thing as guilt, that sin is a myth, and that Thou, O Father, art only a projection of my father complex . . . I contribute 10 per cent of my income to the Society for the Elimination of Religious Superstitions, and I diet for my figure three times a week. Oh, I thank Thee that I am not like the rest of men, those nasty people, such as the Christian there in the back of the temple who thinks that he is a sinner . . . I may have an Oedipus complex but I have no sin."

¶ Liberty has become doing as you please, and that is not freedom. Freedom is the right to do what you ought to do.

¶ Why can't the modern mind see there is nothing new in Communism? It is a groan of despair, not the revolution that starts a new age. It is the logical development of a civilization which for the last 400 years has been forgetting God. ¶ I'm beginning to believe there are only two classes of people: those who believe and those who want to believe.

¶ The new era into which we are entering is what might be called the religious phase of human history. But do not misunderstand: by religious we do not mean that men will turn to God, but rather that the indifference to the absolute which characterized the liberal phase of civilization will be succeeded by a passion for an absolute. From now on the struggle will not be for colonies and national rights, but for the souls of men . . . The conflict of the future is between the absolute who is the God-man and the absolute which is the man-God . . . The anti-Christ will not be so called, otherwise he would have no followers. He will wear no red tights, nor vomit sulphur . . . He will come disguised as the Great Humanitarian: he will talk peace, prosperity and plenty . . . He will foster science, but only to have armament makers use one marvel of science to destroy another . . . He will even speak of Christ and say that he was the greatest man who ever lived . . . In the midst of all his seeming love for humanity and his gib talk of freedom and equality he will have one great secret which he will tell to no one: he will not believe in God . . . Jews, Protestants and Catholics should unite against a common foe . . . We may not be able to meet in the same pew—would to God we did—but we can meet on our knees.



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St. Viator's won the debate. Sheen has been determinedly natural ever since.

He never seemed seriously interested in girls, but occasionally he did go out with them. Old schoolmates particularly remember a French girl whom Sheen dated; she later became a nun.

A Star Is Born. After a year at St. Paul Seminary, Sheen was ordained in 1919, then did two years' graduate work at Catholic University. In Washington, he made his debut in the pulpit. The priest who was supposed to preach one Sunday at a Washington church had to leave town because of illness in the family, and asked Sheen to substitute for him. Fearing that the church's pastor would think he was too young, Sheen did not present himself at the rectory till five minutes before Mass was supposed to start. The pastor said gruffly: "Get over to the church. The other altar boys are dressed already." But Sheen made a hit: "They asked me back the next week," he says.

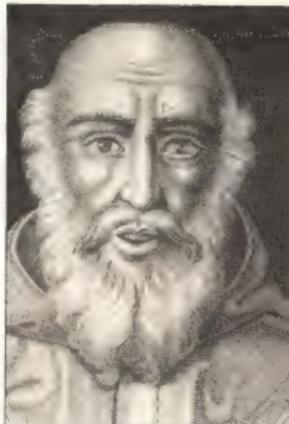
With his brother Tom (now a Manhattan doctor), Sheen went to Europe to study at the University of Louvain, Belgium. To learn French, they first went to a small resort town where no one spoke any English. Soon afterwards, in a Paris boardinghouse, Sheen met a Frenchwoman who lived on the floor above. In deep distress over the breakup of her home, she told Sheen she was about to commit suicide. Sheen begged her to wait just nine days. She agreed, and for eight evenings Sheen sat with her, talking religion. His French was still so halting that he kept a dictionary open before him. On the ninth day, the woman entered the Church.

Sheen did brilliantly at Louvain; he was the first American to win the Cardinal Mercier prize, awarded once a decade for the best philosophical treatise. In 1925, Louvain granted him the degree (he has eleven others) of which he is proud—*Agégé en Philosophie* (a kind of Ph.D. plus).

He went to Britain for a year to be assistant to the pastor of St. Patrick's, Soho, a poor, drab parish, half-Italian, half-London Irish, with a sprinkling of Chinese. He is still a loved and legendary figure at St. Patrick's. Whenever he goes to London, he preaches there, and the parishioners eagerly look forward to his visits. Said one last week, hoping for another visit this month, "Things seem very confused. Then you have a talk with Bishop Sheen. Then things clear up. Then they grow confused again."

Sheen also taught at London's seminary, St. Edmund's College, where he remembers another promising young priest, Ronald Knox (TIME, Feb. 11). By that time Father Sheen was 30, and already had something of a name. Oxford wanted him to teach philosophy; so did Columbia. Then came the damping orders: home to St. Patrick's, Peoria.

It was a blow, but Father Sheen went to work in St. Patrick's, Peoria, one of the poorest parishes in town. He made his sick calls and administered the last rites, begged for contributions and celebrated Mass. His sermons were so popular that



Historical

PETER THE HERMIT (CIRCA 1100)

In the 20th century, a go-getter, people had to come an hour early to get seats; he drew large crowds from other parishes (which did not make him popular with their priests). After nine months Peoria's Bishop Dunne called Sheen and told him that he was to go teach at Catholic University. "I promised you to them three years ago, but everyone said you'd gotten so high-hat in Europe that you wouldn't take orders any more. But you've been a good boy, so run along."

In & Out of the Basement. Sheen became one of the most popular professors at Catholic University. And his fame grew. Washington hostesses began to consider him a prize catch (he rarely accepted their invitations). He lived in a light, airy house (designed to order for him), startlingly modernistic, but comfortable and efficient. From his study, Sheen faced gently rolling hills through a large picture window; there he did most of his popular writing. For heavier tasks he would move to his "workshop" in the furnace room, piled high with books and papers, where he wrote with his back to the furnace.

He did a good deal of moving back & forth between the airy study and the serious basement. The majority of Sheen's books (*Peace of Soul*, *Lift Up Your Heart*, *Three to Get Married*) are upstairs work, designed for the middle-brow reader. But some are serious, furnace-room philosophy (*God and Intelligence*, *The Philosophy of Religion*). This week Sheen published his 36th full-length book, *The World's First Love*, about the Virgin Mary. Like all his others, the book is dedicated to Mary—or, as he puts it in the dedication, "the Woman Who, in a world of Reds, shows forth the blue of hope."

Tiller of the Soil. More than anything else, it was Sheen's conversions that made him a national figure. His many well-meaning friends sometimes act as self-appointed talent scouts, and give him suggestions on likely prospects. Sometimes

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Sheen himself takes the offensive. When he got into a newspaper controversy with Heywood Broun over evolution, he called his adversary on the telephone. "I want to see you," said Sheen.

"What about?" asked Broun.

"Your soul."

They met at a Manhattan hotel and talked. Later, Sheen called Broun up again. "Heywood," he said, "you've run a thousand miles. You better come in and let me service you." Nine years later, seven months before his death, Broun entered the Church.

How does Sheen do it?

He lists three reasons why people turn to the Church: 1) a moral crisis, i.e., consciousness of sin. "Sin becomes the occasion of a loneliness and a void which God alone can relieve." 2) A spiritual or intellectual crisis, i.e., "the growing sense of dissatisfaction with their own ordinariness." 3) A physical crisis, such as illness or accident. Sometimes, adds Sheen, people who most vociferously hate the Church are the closest to conversion: "Hatred indicates interest." The pattern of instruction is always the same. Sheen starts with reason, firmly discouraging all mysticism or merely emotional belief. When people tell him they believe in God, he wants to know why, and won't let them off the hook till they can recite the logical proofs for God's existence. These early lessons on reason prove the most difficult; the going gets easier, rather than rougher, when Sheen reaches matters of faith.

Sheen's average course of instruction lasts 25 hours, at the rate of one hour a week. He can usually tell after the first couple of hours who will make it and who won't. In private instruction, more than 95% of the people become converts. In groups, the percentage is much lower; out of a class of 60, only 15 may be baptized. Sheen vigorously disclaims any personal credit for these conversions. He considers himself merely "a spiritual agriculturist [who] tills the soil. All the tilling in the world would make no difference if the seed had not been dropped by God."

But Sheen knows his agriculture. He never uses pressure. "You will incur no obligation," he tells people who come to him for instruction. He goes easy on argument ("Win an argument and lose a soul"), never gets angry ("At least not any more"). But he is relentlessly logical. One of his converts, a middle-aged man in the textile business, reports: "I had been avoiding a decision for years. Sheen doesn't let you do that. He throws it right in your teeth. The one thing that was hard for me as a Jew to accept was the divinity of Christ. I kept putting it off. Then, when Sheen began to weed out those in the class that weren't really interested, he finished one lecture with: 'What think ye of Christ?' I wandered around freezing in Central Park for hours that night, and the week that followed was the worst I ever spent. But I couldn't put off the decision any longer. Something about him wouldn't let me."

Sheen has great personal magnetism. It is in his voice, in his hands (which always



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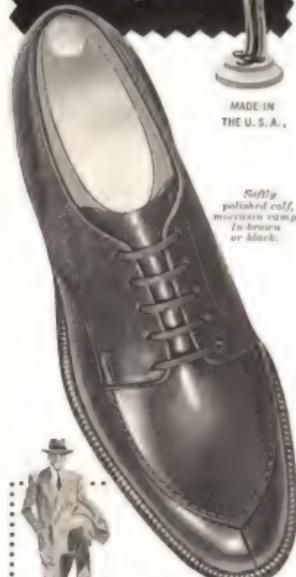
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linger in a handshake), above all, in his eyes. They are one of the most remarkable pairs of eyes in America, looking out from deep sockets, pupil and iris almost merged in one luminous disk which creates the optical illusion that he not only looks at people but through them and at everything around them. Strong men have been known to flinch before that gaze.

Sheen now gives instruction only to ten people, in individual sessions (his latest group includes an interior decorator and a maid), and receives about one convert a week into the Church. Because of his other duties, he has thought of giving up his conversion work entirely—"You have to be enthusiastic, and when you've had a long day it isn't always easy"—but decided to keep it up. "If I have more talents than others, they came from our Lord and they must be used for His work."

Greatest Actor? But Bishop Sheen is not using the coaxial cable to try to convert America to the Catholic faith. What he has to say on TV is not dogma, but a mixture of common sense, logic and Christian ethics. Says Sheen: "Americans are like dry wood that can be ignited—with inspiration. People want to be good. But they want reasons. If you give people a reason, they at least have to have a reason to disagree. This helps all of us. I try to bring fresh air into the home."

Sheen's TV performance is remarkable not only for its length but for its ad-liberty. He speaks for 28 minutes straight, without script or cue cards. Without even a written outline, he produces facts, dates, six-digit statistics with the precision of an electronic calculator. For about ten minutes before the show he usually meditates, on an unused part of the stage, set for a murder mystery or a comedy show. Once on the air, he never fumbles or rambles. He prides himself on the fact that in a quarter-century of broadcasting, he has never finished more than two seconds early or late. The trick: "Always know how you're going to end. It may be a paragraph or a sentence, but know how long it's going to take to say it. Then you watch the clock; when there's just time enough for the conclusion, say it, and you're finished—on time."

Loretta Young, a friend and a good Catholic, calls him "the greatest actor of our time." Sheen's voice (with a wisp of a brogue) ranges from tremulous whispers to Old Testament rage. His hands finger the chain of his pectoral cross, or spread outward in supplication, or hammer down a point in the air, or thrust skyward. He uses no props except a blackboard on which he draws an occasional simple diagram. His serious passages are carefully balanced with anecdotes or jocular footnotes, some well worn. His favorite joke: whenever a stagehand, out of camera range, wipes off his blackboard, Sheen refers to "my little angel." Sheen has made the "angel" into what the trade calls a running gag.

Helmet of Salvation. One day last June, Fulton Sheen lay stretched out flat on his face before the high altar in the



That's what the Rev. James J. Sheen, 36, looks like now. He's the new *Mission* magazine editor. He's also a priest, a radio and TV personality, and a convert to the Catholic Church. He's been working for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith since 1947.

World-mission Society for the Propagation of the Faith
MAGAZINE COVER (EDITED BY SHEEN)

"Be happy, go missions!"

Church of Saints John and Paul in Rome. In whispers, he prayed for divine grace. The choir sang the Litany of the Saints: "... St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John—all ye holy apostles and evangelists, pray for us ... St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Francis—all ye holy monks and hermits, pray for us ..." Then Cardinal Piazza poured blessed oil on Fulton Sheen's greying hair and handed him the crozier. After Solemn Mass, he placed the miter on the new bishop's head, reminding him that it symbolized a helmet of protection and salvation "that the wearer of it may seem terrible to the opponents of truth and be their steady adversary." Choir and organ struck up a *Te Deum*. The boy from Peoria was now a bishop of the Church.

Fulton Sheen's rise has not delighted all his fellow priests; some find him too theatrical for their taste. But he is on excellent terms with Cardinal Spellman (whom he accompanied on a 43,000-mile tour in 1948), and is held in high regard by the Vatican. A Vatican official said last week: "He is our right arm in the U.S." The Pope, whom he has known for years, follows his broadcasts. Sheen may never get a see of his own, because he lacks administrative experience, but it is generally believed that he is some day destined to wear a cardinal's hat.

Since taking over the U.S. branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (the telephone operators, shortening the name, simply say: "Propagation, good morning!"), the bishop has carried a work load that might break a less dedicated or energetic man. In addition to his TV show, his radio show, his Sunday sermons at St. Patrick's during Lent, his speaking engagements and his religious instruction, he guides the work of the society's 126 diocesan directors in the U.S., writes or edits all the society's promotion material, carries on correspondence with many of the society's 100,000 missionaries (Sheen's office gets as many as 2,000 letters a day), sees any visiting missionaries in New York, edits two maga-

azines and writes two syndicated columns. One of his columns, "God Love You" (his standard greeting), runs in 25 U.S. Catholic newspapers. It consists largely of items like: "Why not give up cigarettes for a month and use the money for a catechist in Africa? Be Happy, Go Missions!" Sheen has also shown unexpected talent as a magazine editor; his pocket-size *Mission* is well-printed, dramatically laid out and bristling with snappy or funny picture captions, all of which Sheen writes personally (e.g., under a picture of a wise-looking Negro tot pointing to an open book: "That's where the King James version is wrong").

He has a staff of 30 helpers, who work in a small, cramped red-brick house on Manhattan's East 38th Street (where Sheen lives, with two other priests), but he runs pretty much a one-man show. The society's receipts are up, but Sheen is not satisfied. Says he with official gloom: "We are not doing as well as the Protestants."

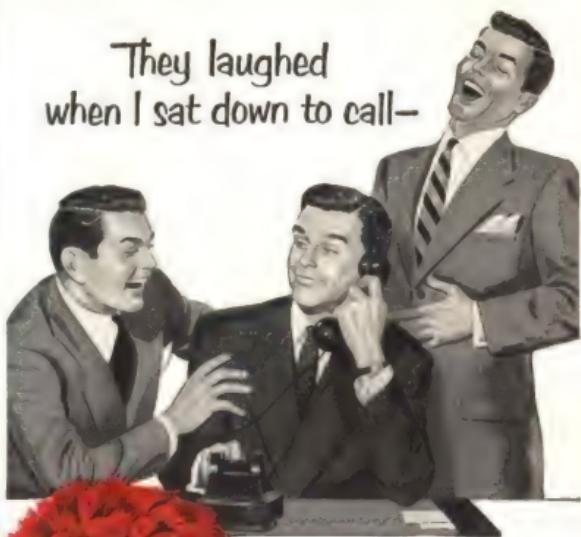
Bishop's Day. Sheen's day begins at 6:15. He spends a "holy hour" of meditation and preparation for Mass at 8, which he reads in his private chapel. He breakfasts frugally (usually orange juice, hot water and a piece of toast). From 9 to 10 he does his writing, from 10 to 1 he answers letters, while his receptionist and secretary keep bringing in a stream of callers. At 1 he lunches in his upstairs apartment, at 1:30 he reads his breviary. Between 2 and 6 he tackles business chores and sees callers in his airy, green-walled office, where he sits in front of a large statue of the Virgin Mary and beside a big air conditioner whose gentle hum vainly competes with the bishop's vigorous purr. At 6 he dines, usually in his apartment, but rarely eats more than what a friend describes as a "corner" of a steak or chop with some vegetable (Sheen has suffered from ulcers). He sometimes supplements this meager diet with chocolate, for energy. He neither smokes nor drinks, but at a party (he goes to few) he will nurse a small drink so as not to make people uncomfortable. Between 6:30 and 11, more work and study.

For exercise, Sheen plays tennis once a week on the subterranean courts of the River Club, where his partners report that he has a fierce will to win. He also used to play an occasional game of golf. (Once, visiting a friend in Texas, he gamely went riding, but had to eat his dinner that evening standing up; he loved dressing like a cowboy, and called himself "Two-Gun Sheen.")

He is not paid for his TV appearances, but has a good-sized income from his books, most of which goes to charities (his favorite: a Negro hospital in Mobile, Ala., built largely from his contributions).

A recent caller described the extraordinary effect Sheen has on people: "When one is with Sheen, one has the feeling of being important. Obviously he is a man who knows how to modulate his voice, raise his eyebrows, use his hands, turn on or off any emotion he wishes. But that does not diminish the quality of honest

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when I sat down to call-



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Unfinished Business. Holy week will be a busy one for Bishop Sheen. On Tuesday he does two TV shows (one put on film for future use, when Sheen goes to Europe). Wednesday he preaches at St. Peter's Church on Staten Island. Thursday he addresses the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. On Good Friday, he faces the grueling ordeal of two three-hour services (12:30 in the afternoon; 7:10 in the evening) at New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral, during which he does not sit down once, and twice preaches seven sermons, one for each of the Seven Last Words of Christ. Easter Sunday he will preach at three Masses in St. Patrick's (10, 12, 1 o'clock), then will rush over to the NBC studios for his broadcast at 2.

To the millions who will listen to Sheen's words, the meaning of Easter in mid-20th century should be particularly significant. For modern man seems to live in a Good Friday age. Sheen believes that man, his faith in God shaken, has retreated within his own self, but has found there no peace, only shallow and temporary comforts. Disillusioned by a welter of scientific and political cure-alls, he looks for resurrection, but too often he wants it without sacrifice and before death—"promises of salvation without a cross, abandonment without sacrifices. Christ without His nails." Adds Sheen: "There is no pleasure without pain, no Easter without Good Friday."

Three years ago, Sheen offered a prayer before the U.S. Congress which all Americans might take to heart: "Gentlemen . . . you ought to pray to God now as never before . . . You ought to pray that God, the sovereign King of nations, who once used Assyria as the rod and staff of His anger, will not now use Russia as the instrument of His justice for the liquidation of a Western World that has forgotten God . . . You ought to pray that our beloved country . . . may one day fulfill its glorious and certain vocation of being the secondary cause by which God will give freedom to the people of Russia and peace and order to all the world. Instead, then, of perfumitorily praying to God and then tabling the prayer as 'finished business' we say to you: Gentlemen, this is the unfinished business—your prayers . . . God love you."

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Timber

The representatives of seven candidates for the presidency of the U.S. drew straws in Washington last month. They were deciding in what order they would appear on *Presidential Timber* (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS), a new TV show designed to give each candidate 30 minutes on the air to use in whatever way he wants. CBS supplies the time, a moderator (Bob Trout), the set and the technical staff. Everything else, from studio audience to ideas, is up to the candidates.

Last week Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver was the first of the seven to take over on *Presidential Timber*. He brought his sprightly wife and 81-year-old father with him, as well as an album of family photos, some news films of Frank Costello on the witness stand, and a folksy informality of manner that gave the show more the air of a social visit than an appeal from a political platform. None of Kefauver's rivals is likely to top him in homespun amiability. What he lacks in TV forcefulness is compensated for by a persuasive, if plodding, earnestness.

Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr has not yet decided how to attack his TV assignment. The Eisenhower forces, whose date is May 16, have been handicapped by not being certain whether the general will be in the U.S., or will even want to appear on the show. The only decision they have made is that their program will not be like the TV rally put on at Madison Square Garden last February by Hollywood and Broadway enthusiasts.

Other *Timber* prospects:

¶ California's Governor Earl Warren will appear this week on a dignified, panel-type show for a question-and-answer period with newsmen.

¶ Candidate Harold Stassen intends using two actors to play an "average" husband & wife who will ask questions culled from the letters written him by citizens interested in his views.

¶ When Georgia's Senator Richard Russell moves on to *Timber's* platform, he will leave behind him such adornments of the Southern political scene as hillbilly singers and guitarists. With a combination of film clips and interviews, Russell hopes to cover his career and background as well as his stand on the major issues.

¶ Senator Robert Taft will use Moderator Bob Trout as an interviewer.

Including the Scandinavian

In less than 30 minutes on the air last week a pair of U.S. newspaper correspondents saved Germany and the world from a dangerous rebirth of Nazism. Just as effortlessly, the same newshawks have triumphed over Red conspirators, black marketers, diamond smugglers, political assassins and other European evildoers. Their consistent and clear-cut victories take place on *Foreign Intrigue* (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., NBC), a TV adventure series that is chiefly notable because 1) it is

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filmed in Sweden, 2) by Philadelphia-born Sheldon Reynolds, 27, who two years ago knew almost nothing about either films or television.

Make It Sparse. Reynolds, an ex-radio & TV writer (*Danger; We, the People*), reached Sweden in 1950 with two American actors (Jerome Thor & Sydna Scott), an invitation from the head of Stockholm's Europa Film studios, and an idea: maybe the answer to the enormous costs of U.S. television might be found in low-budget European productions. It was by no means a new idea. Many another ambitious TVman has crossed the Atlantic to Paris and London for the same purpose. Almost without exception, they failed. Says Reynolds: "Mostly, their trouble was that they were thinking of nothing but economy."

As his own writer, director and producer, Reynolds took just four days to set up



SHELDON REYNOLDS
He saves the world in 30 minutes.

his first show, and only four more days to film it with the help of Swedish technicians. Then, doubling as a salesman, he flew to the U.S., showed the pilot film to Ballantine beer and, with a sponsor's contract in his pocket, raced back to Stockholm and got to work. By now, he can turn out a 30-minute show on a 55-day schedule. He cuts financial corners by using only one camera and never reshooting a scene, and he tries to write his sparse dialogue so that a sequence can be ended at almost any point without making a hash of the plot.

All the interior shots are filmed in the Stockholm studios, but Reynolds makes periodic tours of the Continent, setting up his camera for exteriors of Parisian boulevards, Viennese squares, Berlin freight yards. He often shoots unscripted scenes (e.g., Actor Thor bursting out of an ornate doorway and running up an architecturally impressive street, or Actress Scott dodging through the ruins

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of Hamburg) and then writes them into future plots.

Keep It Fresh. The backgrounds give *Intrigue* something of the appearance of a travelogue studded with melodrama. And the show gains freshness because it is lavishly peopled with European actors—usually Swedes—in the supporting roles. "Swedes learn English in grade school and speak it very well," explains Reynolds. "Their accent is so slight that I can make them be Russians or Frenchmen or whatever I want."

The Reynolds method has been so successful that last week Sponsor Ballantine bought another 26 weeks of *Foreign Intrigue*. And NBC added the flattery of conscious imitation by signing a contract with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to begin work immediately on three major TV series that will be filmed in England, on the Continent and in North Africa.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday April 11, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Musicaland, U.S.A. (Fri. 8 p.m., CBS). Noel Coward in a program devoted to his music.

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Virginia Mayo.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 1 p.m., ABC). *Parsifal*, with Horst Harshaw, Hotter Hines.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, sung by Desire Ligeti and the Westminster Choir.

The Big Show (Sun. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Tallulah Bankhead, with Groucho Marx, George Sanders, Fred Allen.

The Great Adventure (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). The first of a two-part dramatization of Herbert Philbrick's *I Led Three Lives*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Florence Nightingale*, with Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne.

Suspense (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Richard Widmark in *Mate Bram*.

TELEVISION

Easter Parade (Sun. noon, ABC, CBS). NBC. From Fifth Avenue.

This Cup (Sun. 2 p.m., ABC). A special Easter program, in cooperation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Amahl and the Night Visitors (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). A new showing of Gian-Carlo Menotti's TV opera, starring Chet Allen.

America's Town Meeting (Sun. 6:30 p.m., ABC). "Should We Continue Truce Talks in Korea?" Yes: Rear Admiral Ellis Zacharias. No: Commentator Henry J. Taylor.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Marian Anderson and the Notre Dame Glee Club.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Burgess Meredith in *Decision*.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Sugar Ray Robinson v. Rocky Graziano.

Celanese Theater (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *Mornings at Seven*, with Aline MacMahon and Patricia Collinge.



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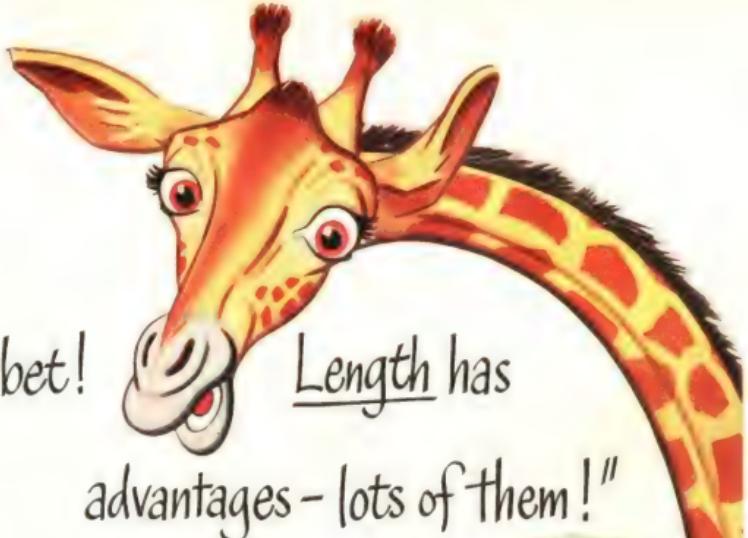
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MUSIC

Farewell to a Queen

By 8:30 a.m., eleven hours before the box office opened, hopeful standees began queuing up outside the Metropolitan Opera House. Minutes before curtain time, even habitual latecomers were settled in their boxes and reserved seats. The high spot of the music week in Manhattan was Soprano Kirsten Flagstad's farewell to the Met.

There were five curtain calls after *Alcesteis'* first act, five more after the second. At the opera's end, the rest of the cast got their due (two curtain calls). Then the audience stood as one man and gave Soprano Flagstad ten more. On the tenth, the Met's gold curtains parted behind her to reveal Met officials and the



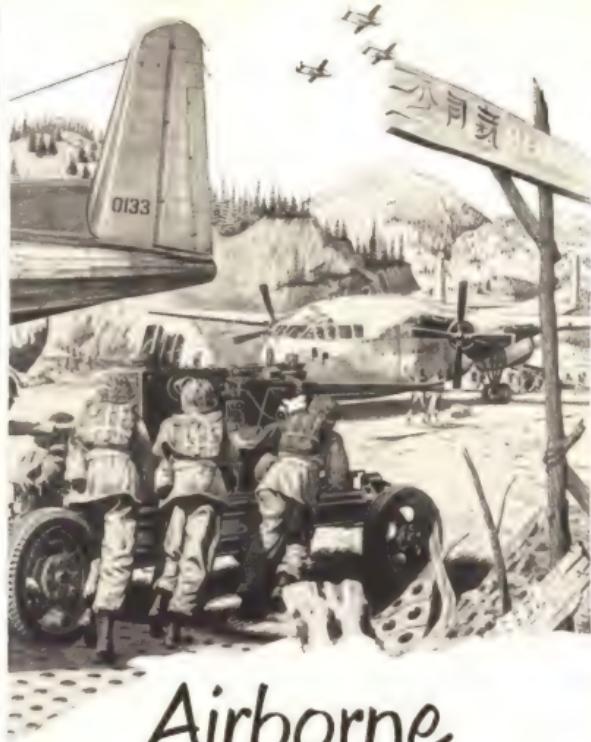
Max Peter Haas

SOPRANO FLAGSTAD & TROPHY
Also ticker tape and roses.

whole cast lined up on the stage, applauding. A ticker tape of torn programs flaked from the balconies; from boxes nearest the stage, fans threw roses at her feet.

Said Met Board Chairman George A. Sloan: "Tonight we are overwhelmed by the realization that we have seen you and heard you on this stage for the last time . . ." Cries of "No, no" went up. Sloan reeled off Flagstad's greatest roles from a commemorative silver cup: "Isolde . . . Brünnhilde . . . Elsa . . . Kundry . . . Fidelio . . . Alcesteis."

At 56, pink-cheeked Kirsten Flagstad, a simple woman who says, "Always I wanted to be a private person," has had her fill. She has been singing opera for nearly 40 years. For nearly 20 of those years she has been the world's foremost Wagnerian soprano. She had postponed her retirement and capped her career by



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learning the role of Alcestis in English at 55. Now she was leaving the Met, after her 103rd performance, with a voice faintly fading but still incomparable for ringing power and eloquence.

Flagstad was not quite out to pasture yet. At week's end she sang a concert in Houston, and she is scheduled for two more, in Chicago and Springfield, Mass. Though she wants to return to her native Norway, she plans to give occasional concerts in Europe because "I need to go into retirement gradually."

Says Flagstad: "I am going to sing every day as long as I have a voice . . . as long as it suits me, as long as I feel for it. I don't think it will be for so very long."

MUSCULAR SYMPHONIST

Though his name is hardly known in the U.S., Peter Racine Fricker, 31, is touted in Great Britain as the most promising symphonist since aged (80) Ralph Vaughan Williams. The London Times



Peter Anderson

COMPOSER FRICKER
No timid tinkers.

found that Fricker's *Symphony No. 1* "grabs the ear and the imagination"; its report from Liverpool last year on Fricker's *Second*: "A marked evolution in his utterance and expression . . . a striking freshness."

Last week, in Royal Festival Hall, Londoners got a chance to make up their own minds about Symphonist Fricker. To make sure *Symphony No. 2* got a fair hearing, the London Symphony played it once before intermission, once after. A few souls struggled out before the second playing, but most agreed that Fricker was a very unusual symphonist indeed.

His work is melodic, though in the chromatic, odd-interval manner of Bartok. Fricker himself claims he can whistle any of his themes, and hopes his listeners can too: "Even if they don't go away whistling [a theme], I want them to be able to recognize it when it recurs." His

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pieces have solid form, and most of all, walk with confident steps—"no timid tinkers," as one critic wrote.

London-born Peter Fricker's career was partly shaped by his shortsighted eyes. At 14, he wanted to join the Royal Navy. Turned down, he took up music. He was accepted by the R.A.F. in World War II, however, and served in India.

Though his reputation is growing—his works have won high praise in Europe—his music brings him little income. He lives modestly in suburban Finchley with his wife Helen. He has not succumbed to the current craze of opera composition. "You always run the risk of all the squabbles [in the theater]," Anyway, "it's more unusual not to have written an opera [these days]."

The U.S. may hear its first Fricker composition played by famed Violinist William Primrose. Fricker is composing a viola concerto which Primrose hopes to bring to the U.S. Fricker has one amendatory reservation: "[Primrose] will play it if it's any good."

Wozzeck Splashes

The New York City Opera's new director, Joseph Rosenstock, wanted to make a splash with his first new production. He picked just the right high-diving opera to do it with: Alban Berg's 27-year-old Altmann masterpiece, *Wozzeck*. Ever since Dimitri Mitropoulos' stunning concert version in Carnegie Hall last year (TIME, April 23), critics and audiences have been clamoring to see a stage version.

Last week, after a sell-out first performance, the splash almost swamped Director Rosenstock with criticism. None of the critics doused *Wozzeck* itself; their damp words were reserved for City Opera's new English-language production.

The chief trouble was the setting—admittedly difficult inasmuch as *Wozzeck* has 15 swiftly changing scenes. Designer Mstislav Duboisjinsky's stage was a stylized hash laid out on two levels, with more exits, real and imaginary, than the auditorium of City Center itself. Among other things, the lighting was not subtle enough to disguise the unlikely fact that the pond in which Wozzeck drowns is atop both the room where his girl Marie lives and the room where the sadistic Doctor experimented on him.

For the title role, Rosenstock borrowed Baritone Marko Rothmuller, a onetime Berg pupil, from London's Covent Garden (from which he also borrowed the English translation). Rothmuller was a sympathetic character as the cloddish, hallucinated soldier, but vocally he turned out to be a bellower. Soprano Patricia (The Consul) Neway was miscast as Marie: she was more of a heart-wringing Tosca than the faithless tart she was supposed to be, and she screeched in her attempt to be heard over the orchestra.

What did come off, despite all misfortunes, was Alban Berg's uniquely powerful score. Even the *Daily News* had to conclude that "the amazing thing . . . was to find *Wozzeck* so holding, in spite of the handicaps of its presentation."

St. Paul's School, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan.
Architect: Leinweber, Tomaszek & Hellmuth, Detroit, Mich.



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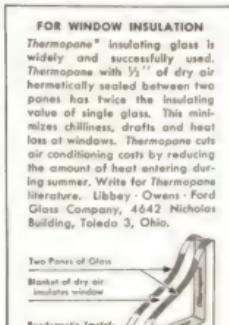
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TIME, APRIL 14, 1952



HUMAN RELATIONS

A NEW ART BRINGS A REVOLUTION TO INDUSTRY

"If it were desired to reduce a man to nothing," wrote Fyodor Dostoevsky in *The House of the Dead*, ". . . it would be necessary only to give his work a character of uselessness." In the 20th century, such a character of uselessness was, in fact, imposed on much of the work done in American factories and offices. It was not a sudden occurrence; it was the result of a long historical process, sped by typical American haste and thoughtlessness.

The Industrial Revolution, which replaced the tools of the independent workmen with machines owned by lenders of capital, had transformed handcraftsmen who were their own bosses into hired hands subject to the orders of managers. Gradually, men felt themselves swallowed by a vast, impersonal machine, which rubbed away their self-respect and, in a way, their identities. In anger against this betrayal of the human spirit by the Industrial Revolution, millions of workers listened to the false promises of Marx's counterrevolution which, as Russia has proved, offered only greater loss of self-respect and, in the end, slavery.

Now a second Industrial Revolution, quieter but more profound, is sweeping through U.S. industry. Its name: Human Relations in Industry. Its purpose: to give the American worker a sense of usefulness and importance (and thus improve his work). Its goal (stated in one sentence): to make life more fun by making work more meaningful.

The Shovelers & the Spinners

The seeds of this change were sown by two great pioneers whose names are scarcely known—Frederick Winslow Taylor, a one-time day laborer, and Elton Mayo, an Australian immigrant turned Harvard sociologist. Their work did not seem related, but it was. Taylor, who died in 1915, was the father of scientific management; he increased industrial production by rationalizing it. Mayo, who died in 1949, was the father of industrial human relations; he increased production by humanizing it.

While working at the Midvale (Pa.) Steel Works in the 1880s, young Taylor made a discovery: it was the workers, not the bosses, who determined the production rate. The workers could go only so fast because, having learned their jobs by rule of thumb, they wasted steps, motion and time. Using a stop-watch, Taylor found that he could determine the most efficient speed for every operation by breaking it into its component parts.

Later, for Bethlehem Steel, he studied employees shoveling ore, coal, etc. He found that because they used different sized shovels, output varied widely. Taylor tried the workers with a shovel holding 34 lbs. of ore, then shifted to a shorter shovel holding 30 lbs. For every reduction in the load, each man's daily tonnage rose—until a 21-lb. load was reached. Below that, output fell. Taylor set 21 lbs. as the ideal shovel load. Result: the yard force was cut by two-thirds, yet daily loadings rose from 25 tons per man to 45.

Taylor's pioneering in time and motion studies helped bring the mass-production era which enabled workers to raise not only their output but their wages as well. Taylor's own ruling motive, as Justice Brandeis observed at a memorial for Taylor, was to help his fellow men. Yet he also created a monster. By gearing human operations to the precision of machines, Taylor's system caused management to think of workers as little more than machines that had to eat. Since the only measure of efficiency was the utmost utilization of time, men were subjected to the intolerable nervous strain of the "speed-up," where assemblies moved always a little faster than men's natural work pace.

A point came where greater "efficiency" no longer yielded greater output. Example: at a Pennsylvania textile plant where the labor turnover in one of the spinning departments was 42 times higher than elsewhere in the plant, efficiency experts in 1923 set up various wage incentives, yet production remained low and spinners kept quitting. When Elton Mayo was called in, he discovered the men were poor producers for a reason which had not occurred to anyone: they were unhappy. The machines had been set up so as to deprive the men of virtually all

human contact with one another; lonely, they fell into melancholy and hypochondria. Mayo prescribed four daily rest periods when the workers could relax, brought in a nurse to whom they could complain. The change wrought by these two relatively minor steps was startling. Turnover immediately diminished; production for the first time reached the established quotas.

Four years later, something even more startling happened. At its Hawthorne Works near Chicago, Western Electric tried to determine the effects of lighting on the worker and his output. As a test, it moved a group of girls into a special room with variable lighting, another group into a room where lighting remained as before. To its amazement, production shot up in both rooms. When the lighting was reduced in the first room, production continued to rise. But it also kept rising in the second room. Not until Mayo was called in to make tests of his own did the company discover what had happened. The simple answer: both groups were producing more because they had been singled out for special attention. The excitement of the experiments made them feel that they were no longer mere cogs.

Mayo's Hawthorne experiments were widely hailed as a landmark in social science. Actually, they revealed nothing which could not have been learned from any factory hand: every human being likes to feel that his work is important, that the boss is interested in him, and appreciates what he does. In a sense, the importance attached to Mayo's findings is a measure of the indifference to people into which management had fallen in its singleminded pursuit of Taylor's efficiency. Because of this indifference, the deep-rooted mutual interests of workers and management, as partners in production, were lost in shallow attitudes of suspicion and hostility. The folklore of each nourishes class warfare disturbingly like that which Marx had predicted.

The Myths of Labor & Capital

In the accepted myths of hardheaded, hardfisted management, tenderness was weakness; workers could not be "coddled" lest they loaf; the only drives to which they responded were greed (more money) or fear (of dismissal). To praise them was simply to invite increasing demands. Workers, for their part, nursed long memories of hired spies who betrayed their unions and of unformed thugs (e.g., the "coal & iron police") who smashed them. In labor's mythology, management was a silk-hatted capitalist who automatically opposed anything good for the workingman; by reflex, the worker opposed anything management favored.

For Mayo's new science to make headway in this charged atmosphere, there had to be a great change in basic attitudes. The change began with the U.S. Supreme Court's 1937 decision upholding the Wagner Act; it made management realize it had to learn to live with unions. The change was sped by World War II, which not only brought the patriotic necessity for the U.S. industrial machine to achieve maximum output, but flooded the labor force with millions of housewives and other new recruits relatively free of the old suspicions and hostilities.

Management began to learn that the once-feared unions themselves held potentials of higher production. In Pittsburgh, the United Steel Workers challenged one management to name its most productive department. Then the union boosted production there by 210% in a month. In the Toronto plant of Lever Bros., union and management, working together, trimmed the payroll from 693 to 512, the wage bill by 17%, yet achieved greater output in a 40-hour week than in 48 before.

Moreover, housewives coming into war plants were amazed to discover that they could far exceed the normal output of old hands. At a big Cleveland war plant, one housewife found that she could easily produce 800 grenade pins daily. v. the plant's quota of 500. When fellow workers warned her to slow down, she discovered another thing: old hands deliberately limited their output from fear that Taylor's time-and-motion-study disciples would cut their pay rates by raising production quota. More & more managers realized that maximum output could be realized only by finding ways to remove these old fears.

In dozens of plants, surveys of employees exploded the prize cliché of management's folklore—that workers wanted only more money. Actually, higher pay rated far down the list of workers' desires. For example, 100 shop workers who were polled by Psychologist S.N.F. Chant on twelve alternatives rated "high pay" as sixth. The Twentieth Century Fund found that wage disputes, the ostensible cause of 80% of all industrial conflicts, are only secondary causes: "Some of the industries most plagued by strikes . . . are among those where the highest wages are being paid." After ten years of polling workers, Elmo Roper concluded that their four chief desires are 1) security ("the right to work continuously at reasonably good wages"), 2) a chance to advance, 3) treatment as human beings, 4) dignity.

Yet the alarming fact, as agreed by all investigators, was that modern industry largely frustrates these desires. Detroit Edison, in a poll of its 11,000 employees, found that 43% did not believe that the company was "really interested" in their ideas. After a study of the auto industry, Author Peter Drucker, management consultant, concluded that the average worker regards his status as frozen, with little hope of advancement, and hopes to keep his sons from doing the same work.

There was equal agreement on the causes of such widespread discontent and emotional frustration. Businesses had grown to such a size that the average worker lost all sense of personal contact with his employers. The constant increase in mechanization took away his sense of personal pride and self-identification with the final product; frequently he did not even know the use of the part he made. The robot nature of many tasks thwarted the craving for prestige; the hope of advancement was lost in the growing tendency to choose management material not from men up from the bench, but from young, college-trained technicians.

The New Managers

These discoveries came to a head at a time when U.S. management was best equipped to do something about them: management itself had undergone a revolution. Death and taxes had all but eclipsed the great owner-management dynasties epitomized by Carnegie, Ford and Rockefeller. In their place had come the professional managers, the engineer-trained technicians, e.g., Du Pont's Crawford Greenewalt, General Electric's Philip Reed, General Motors' C. E. Wilson, Standard Oil's (N.J.) Frank Ahrons. They took over industrial societies grown so huge that the average owner (*i.e.*, stockholder) seldom exercised more than theoretical control. Profits were still the test of efficiency, and a fair return to the stockholder a prime duty of management. But the tremendous diffusion of ownership enabled the professional manager to give first concern to the economic health of the whole corporate body, in which the welfare of workers was as vital as that of stockholders. Since increased welfare promised greater efficiency, the new managers welcomed experiments.

In Marion, Va., the Harwood Manufacturing Co., which had 600 employees, mostly women, making pajamas, discovered that whenever it changed the work, only one-third of the workers ever got back to their old output rate. Many others quit, and most union grievances followed such changes. The company tried an experiment: one group was simply told of the change, another was told of the necessity for it and permitted to work out for itself the necessary revisions in quotas and rates. Result: its production quickly passed the old average of 60 hourly units per worker, and reached more than 80. The first group barely exceeded 50 units, and 17% of its members shortly quit. It also filed a complaint with the union that the new rate was "unjust," although investigations proved it generous. Yet when the survivors of this group were trained in the new way, they went up to a score of 73 within eight days.

At Detroit's Bundy Tubing Co., which had a history of ill will against the speed-up and fear of cuts in output rates, every attempt to boost production by special incentives had failed. The company offered the union a novel proposal: set a certain standard for labor costs, and let workers and management share all the savings when increased output drove costs below that figure. Not only did production beat all records, but the workers themselves began prodding slackers and berating absentees.

These lessons have borne fruit. In most big U.S. corporations, the new field of human relations is regarded as important, and equally as promising, an industrial research. Ford Motor Co. is spending millions to explore the untapped potentials of man. General Motors, the world's biggest industrial corporation, is drawing useful lessons from its World War II experiences.

At one G.M. aircraft parts plant, the manager almost turned down the offer of a visit by a combat-scarred B-17 and crew; he feared it would disrupt production. Instead, output shot up, not because the workers were thrilled by the bomber, but because the maintenance crew told them for the first time what the parts they made were used for. Another G.M. plant, which had to train workers to make carbines, had each new employee shoot the actual carbine, take it apart to see the significance of the part he would make. Despite their lack of skill their output was high.

Other companies are tackling the problem of size and resulting loss of individual identity. Robert Wood Johnson, whose family's famed Johnson & Johnson had grown up as a huge plant at New Brunswick, N.J., decentralized much of it into small, new, ultra-modern factories, each making a single product line and small enough so that the president can usually call every worker by name. Not only has Johnson & Johnson been free of strikes, but the C.I.O. Textile Workers union is the first to praise its enlightened methods.

Many plants are encouraging their workers at self-government through broadening their corporate responsibilities. Parker Pen replaced the hated time-clock with an honor system, found that tardiness virtually vanished. The Commerce Trust Co. of Kansas City met the time loss from the morning "coffee rush" by providing free coffee.

A new concept of the role of employers and employees in the corporation is being formed. Some examples: Pittsburgh's Weiland Co. lends money, interest free, to employees who need it to buy homes, etc.; Allegheny Ludlum Steel holds "open houses" to let families see what their breadwinner does, and production goes up on visiting days; Weirton Steel now tags almost everything moving through the plant to let workers know what it will make.

The New Philosophy

Actually, far from being an occult science, human relations is nothing more than good will—and applied common sense. Much of it depends on simple things, such as making a plant more comfortable, and a friendlier place to work. Virtually every big company now sponsors plant bowling, baseball, dances, etc.; Westinghouse abets employee operettas, orchestras, picnics, even shows movies in its plants during lunch hours.

Yet that does not mean that every employer has seen the practical value of the new concept, or has accepted it. Some bitter-enders still regard any concession to the workers as a threat to their own authority. Others sometimes do more harm than good by doing our favors with an air of paternalism. Said one Kansas City industrialist: "We give our employees a Christmas party and that keeps 'em happy until we throw 'em a summer picnic." Still others have made the mistake of trying to create good human relations by mere words.

But by & large, the intent of this swiftly growing trend is not only genuine, but represents a movement toward an entirely new philosophy of management.

Nowhere has this new philosophy been better expressed than by General Foods' Chairman Clarence Francis at a postwar convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. Said Francis: "You can buy a man's time, you can buy a man's physical presence at a given place; you can even buy a measured number of skilled muscular motions per hour or day. But you cannot buy enthusiasm; you cannot buy initiative; you cannot buy loyalty; you cannot buy the devotion of hearts, minds and souls. You have to earn these things . . . It is ironic that Americans—the most advanced people technically, mechanically and industrially—should have waited until a comparatively recent period to inquire into the most promising single source of productivity; namely, the human will to work. It is hopeful, on the other hand, that the search is now under way."

In that search, at mid-century, lies the finest hope and promise of the Capitalist Revolution.



HAULING OUT THE HEAVYWEIGHTS . . . another tough job that demands **AMERICAN BOSCH** performance

Hustling out the big butts is a mighty tough job—but giant Diesel logging trucks take it in stride. These heavyweight haulers rumble over specially-built logging roads, daily shouldering loads that may scale fifty tons or more. Plenty of dependable power's a "must"—and that's why American Bosch products are on the job.

Reliable, precise fuel injection is one big reason for the sweeping success of the modern Diesel engine. And American Bosch has long been the leading supplier of fuel injection systems to Diesel engine man-

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

ARMAMENT

Slower, Please

At a time when the U.S. was not even fully replacing its aircraft losses in Korea, Pratt & Whitney last week let out an amazing fact. The big enginemaker said it was starting to cut production workers back from a 48-hour to 44- and 40-hour weeks. Reason: the Pentagon had suggested it because of the stretch-out.

CORPORATIONS

More Bounce

Alfred N. (for Nu*) Steele is a 51-year-old executive who keeps a bottle on his desk and takes frequent swigs from it, even when he has visitors in his office. The bottle contains Pepsi-Cola, the drink that Steele took over two years ago when Walter Mack was kicked upstairs to chairman (later he left the company). At the time, Pepsi had gone flat: earnings were down 78% from their peak, dividends had been stopped. Since then, President Steele has proved that he has plenty of bounce to every ounce of his 205 lbs. Last week he reported that in 1951 Pepsi-Cola Co. grossed \$47,000,000 and more than doubled its net to \$2.6 million (45¢ a share). This year's earnings, he added, should be still higher—and President Steele thinks that dividends may be resumed later this year.

Crystal Balls. A veteran adman and sometime vice president in charge of sales at Coca-Cola, Steele knew what was wrong with Pepsi when he took over. The accounting system was so slipshod that management did not even know the pro-

* After his father's college fraternity, Sigma Nu.



International, Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life
COMET JETLINERS & WHITNEY STRAIGHT

For a Socialist show, a dash of free enterprise.

AVIATION

BOAC's Challenge

British Overseas Airways Corp., which hopes to grab the lead in commercial aviation by flying the first jet transports on regular routes, announced that early next month it will start its 36-passenger Comet jetliner on weekly service to Johannesburg. With a cruising speed of 400 m.p.h., the Comet is scheduled to make the 6,724-mile run (five stops en route) in the flying time of 18 hours and 40 minutes, 12 hours less than current schedules.

Last week the airline also had good news for the British government, which owns it, and which has been stuck with yearly losses as big as \$33 million. BOAC Managing Director Whitney Straight reported that in the fiscal year ended in March, BOAC would probably show a net profit of about £500,000 (\$1,400,000), the first profit in its history.

New Kudos. That was another medal for Whitney Straight's already heavily decorated chest. Straight, who was born in New York, raised in England, and became a British citizen in 1936, was an R.A.F. pilot during World War II. He shot down at least three planes, won both the Military Cross for valor and the Distinguished Flying Cross, toward war's end helped run Britain's Transport Group as an air commodore. When he took on the BOAC job five years ago, even his friends thought he was showing bravery far beyond the call of duty. BOAC had a bewildering variety of planes, most of them obsolete ex-bombers, patrol boats, etc.

But Straight had already proved that he could make money running an airline. Right after finishing Cambridge, Straight got interested in planes, and founded

duction figures of some of its biggest bottlers, or the breakdown of its costs. Says Steele: "They were operating by gazing into a crystal ball." Steele brought in a bunch of old Coca-Cola hands, set up a detailed method of cost accounting. He slashed costs by eliminating executive bonuses (he incorporated his own in his \$96,000-a-year salary), whacking out dead wood, liquidating expensive sales contracts, and cutting out the company's scholarships and art contests. He also lopped off a bottle-cap factory and a Cuban sugar plantation, because "our business is selling Pepsi."

Steele won favor with bottlers with a new national ad campaign, including Faye Emerson on TV. As her neckline plunged, sales soared.

He split the cost with bottlers on their local advertising, helped them buy more trucks and bottles to fill the peak hot weather sales. He bought and revamped 17 bottling plants at a cost of \$1.3 million, sold some of them to new bottlers, added more flavoring to his drink. To keep Pepsi uniform in all its 487 U.S. bottling plants, he sent out mobile testing laboratories.

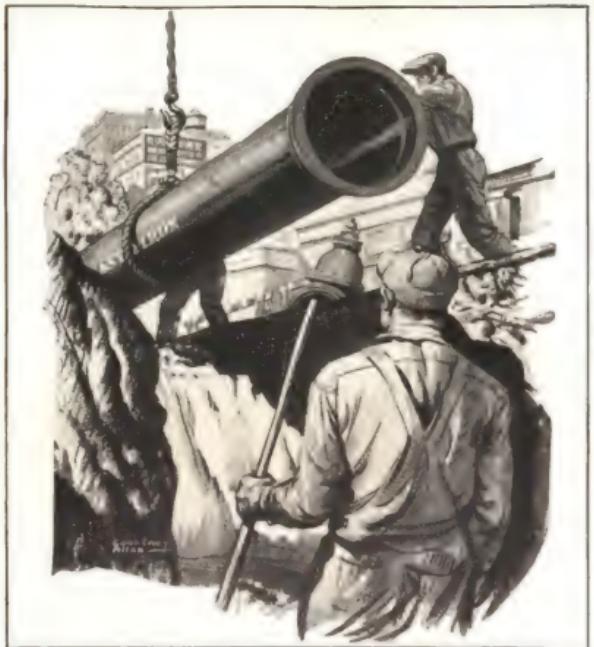
Movie Houses. The old management had frowned on selling Pepsi in vending machines; under Steele, 42,000 were added in 1951 alone. As a vice president at Coca-Cola, Steele had pushed Coke in movie houses. Now, he persuaded some of his old friends such as National Theaters Corp.'s Charles P. Skouras to put in Pepsi instead. Abroad, Steele moved into five new countries, bringing Pepsi's foreign markets to 44, and got some important people to push his product. (The Cairo bottler, for example, has close Farouk connections.)

Pepsi-Cola's sales are still only 21% of Coca-Cola's, but Steele is not discouraged by that. Sales are at a rate of 130 million cases a year now, up 40% since Steele took over. Al Steele's goal is to double the figure.



EMERSON & STEELE

For sagging sales, plumping necklines.



The pipe that's known as the Taxpayers' Friend

To a tax-burdened public the statement that cast iron pipe is the "taxpayers' friend" is more than a mere figure of speech. To most waterworks engineers it is a cold fact. They know that cast iron pipe in water distribution systems has saved, and continues to save, millions of dollars in local taxes.

More than 35 American cities have cast iron mains in service that were installed over 100 years ago. A survey sponsored by three waterworks associations shows that 96% of all six-inch and larger cast iron pipe ever laid in 25 representative cities, is still in service.

Fortunately for taxpayers, over 95% of the pipe in America's water distribution systems is long-lived cast iron pipe—the taxpayers' friend. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

This cast iron water main installed in Richmond, Virginia, 120 years ago, is still in service. Over 35 other cities have century-old cast iron mains in service.

CAST IRON



CAST IRON PIPE

America's No.1 Tax Saver

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Straight Corp., Ltd. He soon found himself controlling 23 airlines, including Western, business in the British Isles. Straight, who was just 34 when he took on the £5,000-a-year BOAC job, used his private-enterprising know-how in the Socialist government's airline. He started lopping the payroll, soon trimmed the staff from 24,000 to 16,000. He hacked off some of BOAC's worst money-losing runs, began junking obsolete planes and, like a practical businessman, went after the best planes to replace them even if they didn't happen to be British. Over the protests of "Britain-first" politicos, he bought Constellations and Boeing Stratocruisers.

Straight was solidly backed by BOAC's chairman, Sir Miles Thomas, 55, a production man who had made his name at Lord Nuffield's Morris Motors, Ltd. An aggressive salesman, Sir Miles, unlike blunt, outspoken Straight, was also able to maintain smooth relations with Whitehall and keep Parliament off Straight's back.

New Planes. Their teamwork got results. When Straight began his pruning, BOAC had an incredible break-even "load factor" of 115%, which would have been losing money even if every seat on every flight was filled. Gradually, Straight and Sir Miles got this down to its present 65%. Profits began to roll in even before Britain boosted air-mail rates last August.

With his new Comet service, Straight is banking on jets to make BOAC one of Britain's biggest dollar-earners. By June, the line will have five Comets on hand, able to step up the Johannesburg flights to thrice weekly. When four more Comets are received, probably by year's end, BOAC hopes to launch Comet service between New York and Bermuda and New York and the Bahamas. Because of its rapid fuel consumption and limited range, BOAC can't use the Comet on the risky North Atlantic run. But it has ordered eleven of the Comet IIIs, a bigger, longer-ranged version, which it hopes to put into Atlantic service by 1955, and which theoretically will be able to fly from London to New York in six hours, depending on head winds. Actually, the jet's big fuel consumption may well lengthen the time by a stop en route. But by then, Straight has good reason to hope that both Britain's and the U.S.'s swift progress in the perfection of bigger and more economical jet engines will make possible nonstop jet transports. With the advantage of its jet experience, BOAC hopes to have everybody else trailing its blast.

WALL STREET

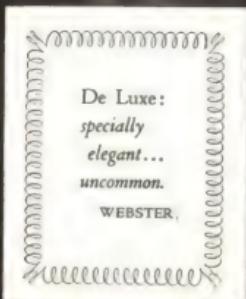
Joe's Blow

Wall Street's professional traders have long groaned at the periodic interference of amateurs, e.g., gossip columnists, bureaucrats, etc., whose wild "tips" or forecasts sometimes set off furious selling for no valid reason. Last week another amateur got into the act: Joseph Stalin.

At midweek came Stalin's answer to questions that a group of U.S. editors had telegraphed him. "Is a third world war

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specially
elegant...
uncommon.

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elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. 85 Proof.



What Every Investor Should Know about his Investments...

This isn't all you should know by any means. But we find that any number of people have trouble even with these fundamental questions about their investments.

For instance . . .

- Can you list the stocks you own . . . the number of shares . . . the prices you paid? And how about bonds?
- Do you know what your investments are worth today . . . what dividends they pay . . . whether they return you 3%, 5%, 7%, or what?
- Would you say your program is speculative, conservative, or a mixture of both? Should it be?
- Is your investment objective capital appreciation, liberal dividends, or protection of capital?
- Are you sure the securities you own really suit that objective . . . are the best that are currently available?
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Our Research Department will be glad to review your present investments, mail you an orderly, objective, and easy-to-read analysis of just what your program looks like to us.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation.

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closer now than two or three years ago?" they asked. Replied Stalin: "No." Although no one knew exactly what the exchange meant, commodity prices, which have been slipping, suffered their worst single day's break in weeks; spot prices for grains fell as much as 2½¢ per bushel, cotton futures tumbled as much as \$1.75 a bale. At week's end the average of all commodity futures was at its lowest since Aug. 15, 1950.

A Salesman Named Sharpe

All her life, Mrs. Sarah Eaves of Brookline, Mass., had trusted in men to manage her finances. First there was her husband, and after he died, a relative, and finally that nice man named Caswell Sharpe. Sharpe's manners were polite, his suits conservative, his way of describing stocks & bonds understandable. So Mrs. Eaves gave him charge of her \$57,776 in cash and securities. Sharpe got a job in the Boston office of the 17-year-old firm of R. H. Johnson & Co. of 64 Wall Street.

For five years, Sharpe manipulated Mrs. Eaves's investments through a series of 648 transactions, made a third of his income from commission on the transactions. In the process, Mrs. Eaves's holdings shrank to \$31,700. Last week the SEC ruled that the National Association of Securities Dealers was justified in expelling R. H. Johnson & Co. from membership, revoking Salesman Sharpe's broker registration and suspending the registration of two of the firm's Boston partners for one year. It was the third time in six years that the firm had been disciplined for unethical practices.

RETAIL TRADE

Green Gold

Hucksters of toothpaste, who have plugged their products with such mysterious words as "Irium" and "ammoniated," now have a new open sesame to sales. The word is chlorophyll, the substance that makes plant life green. Lever Brothers was the first to market a chlorophyll toothpaste; in two months its bright-green, minty Chlorodent has helped push Lever, which also sells Pepsodent, from third to second in toothpaste sales. At last week, Chlorodent had thrown such a scare into the rest of the industry that Colgate, the No. 1 toothpaste seller, as well as Bristol-Myers (Ipana), Whitehall Pharmacal (Kolynos) and other big manufacturers were rushing chlorophyll toothpastes of their own on the market.

Legal Brawl. The furious battle for sales was matched by a legal brawl over the question: Who has first claim on the green gold in chlorophyll toothpastes? A small pharmaceutical outfit named Rystan Co., Inc. of Mt. Vernon, N.Y., thinks that it has. Eleven years ago Rystan, which is owned by ex-Adman O'Neill Ryan Jr. and two associates, paid more than \$200,000 for a patent on all medical and dental compositions of water-soluble chlorophyll derivatives. Last month a federal court in Dallas upheld Rystan's patent and awarded the company \$6,727 in damages against



George Canna

RYSTAN'S RYAN
The word is chlorophyll.

Columbus, Ohio's Warren-Teed Products Co., which had been selling a chlorophyll healing ointment without a Rystan license,

Lever Brothers has already signed a licensing arrangement for Chlorodent which will bring Rystan nearly \$1,000,000 by the time it expires this summer. Rystan's President Ryan has been trying to line up other licensees, but hasn't had much success. Bristol-Myers and Whitehall, already market-testing chlorophyll variations of Ipana and Kolynos, are not rushing to sign up with Rystan; Kolynos, for one, thinks that the patent may not cover its product. Last week the Block Drug Co., which cleaned up by putting the first widely distributed ammoniated tooth powder (Amm-i-dent) on the market, and Colgate-Palmolive-Peet both filed suits seeking to break Rystan's patent.

Dog Food. No matter who wins out in toothpaste, chlorophyll is already providing a bonanza for many other industries. Retail counters are full of chlorophyll products that promise to banish halitosis and B.O. and help heal cuts. On the market are twenty-nine different brands of deodorizing lozenges and tablets, seven brands of chewing gum, four brands of mouthwash, one chlorophyll-impregnated toilet paper, and a cigarette with chlorophyll to take away a smoker's "bad breath" even while he is smoking.

At least nine dog-food manufacturers now put chlorophyll in their products to keep Fido smelling nice. The prize item: insoles doused with chlorophyll to keep feet smelling fresh.

OIL

Orders to McCarthy

Houston's hard-drinking, free-spending Oilman Glenn McCarthy has been trying to find some new money fast. In November, he dashed over to Egypt, trying for an oil franchise (TIME, Dec. 3). Next, he



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April 3, 1952

\$40,000,000

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Johnston, Lemon & Co.

April 2, 1952

rushed off to Guatemala, talked of starting a chain of hotels and a gambling resort fancier than Monte Carlo. Last month McCarthy announced plans to sell 10 million shares of stock, at \$2 a share, in a brand-new wildcatting company, Glenn McCarthy Inc.

This week Manhattan's Equitable Life Assurance Society, holder of a \$34 million mortgage on the McCarthy Oil & Gas Co. and on McCarthy's Shamrock Hotel, put its foot down on McCarthy's big plans. Since McCarthy is behind in his payments, Equitable informed him, in effect, that, if he began taking time away from his oil companies and hotel, now managed by Equitable, it would take over his properties and turn him out. Metropolitan Life, which has been running McCarthy's chemical plant at Winnie, Texas, on which it holds a \$20 million mortgage, was reported ready to follow suit.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Helicopter Bus. The first ten-passenger Sikorsky helicopter entered regular commercial flying service last week and will soon begin an aerial bus service connecting downtown Los Angeles, the International Airport and outlying towns. The \$150,000 all-metal S-55, which cruises at 86 m.p.h. and has a range of 460 miles, has been battle-tested for a year in Korea. Fifteen of them, flying in relays over a period of six hours, once moved a battalion of fully equipped infantry into a front-line area in 48 hours less time than normal motor transport.

On the Beam. A pictorial computer for instrument flying is ready for production by Arma Corp., subsidiary of American Bosch Corp. Up till now, a pilot flying blind has had to figure out his position from radio data. The new, 37-lb. device picks up the data, computes it automatically and continuously plots a plane's exact position on a 10-in. luminous screen.

Competition for Quonset. A "revolutionary" steel military shelter was announced by President John J. O'Brien of Gunnison Homes, Inc., a subsidiary of U.S. Steel. Insulated with Fiberglas, the barracks-type, all-steel units will be demountable, portable and fire- and hurricane-proof. Any part can be lifted by two men, and five men can erect a 20-by-35-ft. basic shelter in one day, using only hammers, pins and wedges. Gunnison says its shelter is better looking than the Quonset huts, has no space-wasting curves, can be painted more easily, gives better protection in combat areas. Shelter production will start within a year at a new plant at Shiremanstown, Pa.

Good Gripper. B. F. Goodrich Co. brought out a new tread design on its puncture-sealing, tubeless tire. The tread has more than 10,000 tiny blocks of rubber (16 to the inch), approximately a quarter of an inch deep. When the brakes are applied, the blocks flatten out, giving the tires more traction. On icy pavements, said Goodrich, the tires will stop a car 15 to 30% faster than conventional tires.

1 to 15 you'll star in this theatre

... and when you do,
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Yes, chances are *1 in 15* you'll have an operation this year—*1 in 9* you'll at least be hospitalized . . . perhaps you'll even be one of the unlucky 97,920 people disabled *every day*. And when accident or sickness strikes, you'll need money . . . money to eliminate worry over tragic loss of income and crippling medical expenses. Now Mutual Of New York will provide that money!

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TV & Taxes

The movie business in Dayton, Ohio blames its troubles on TV. Last week Loew's Inc. asked Dayton's county board for a revision of its property valuation. The latest valuation boost of \$78,510 on its Dayton property, Loew's claimed, is out of line, considering that attendance at the theater has dropped 43% since last August. The board promised to investigate the situation, along with similar complaints from six other TV-stricken movie houses in Dayton.

Tight Little Ealing

On a four-acre plot in the London suburb of Ealing, a tightly knit little group of moviemakers is earning the reputation of turning out consistently good comedies. Curiously, Ealing Studios' non-formula films are made on a basic formula: begin with a situation that is improbable but possible, yet "not wholly fantastic." Last week Ealing's latest, *The Man in the White Suit* (see below), was being greeted with whoops of laughter by audiences in Manhattan. True to formula, the story is improbable but possible (it revolves around a scientist who invents an indestructible fabric), and it proved once again that Ealing's methods—at least by Hollywood's standards—are nearly as fantastic as the picture's plot.

First the Story. Ealing has prospered, says Production Director Sir Michael Balcon, because it has resolutely avoided making "pale imitations of U.S. films." After World War II, several British companies began trying to outspend Hollywood. Ealing decided that its films (average cost: \$420,000), if good enough, would make enough money at home, and perhaps find a small extra market in the U.S. Thinking first of the story and director, and last of a star, Balcon found that his pictures, made with no concession to American tastes, were more popular in the U.S. than British-made imitations of the Hollywood product. Ealing's top successes in the U.S.: *Passport to Pimlico* (a small section of postwar London is discovered to be foreign soil), *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (a likable young man kills off six of his relatives), *Tight Little Island* (a whisky famine makes criminals of a whole island), *Lavender Hill Mob* (a mild-mannered clerk pulls off a bank robbery).

Balcon, 55, runs Ealing with few Hollywood mannerisms. "I'm not a glamour boy," he says. "I loathe cigars, I haven't got a swimming pool, I've only been married once, and I'm a mass of indecisions." His writers and directors talk over their ideas at round-table conferences, often held in a pub across the street.

One Too. The studio's top scriptwriter, T. E. B. Clarke, bases most of his ideas on the Ealing premise that cinemagoers like "mild anarchy—the outrageous, childish things that we all wish we could do but can't." He wants the man in the audi-



SIR MICHAEL BALCON
Ever thought of robbing a bank?

ence to say: "That's me, I really am rather funny, aren't I?" Then, as one ridiculous situation follows another, the reaction should be: "I know this couldn't happen, you know it couldn't happen, but wouldn't it be nice if it could?"

After all, says Clarke, "everybody has thought some time or another about robbing a bank or shooting his relatives. Take one of those chaps whose honesty everybody takes for granted. Supposing he was all along planning a huge robbery? What would he do? What would I do myself?" But a touch of sanity usually pays off: "We avoid those comedies where everybody is mad. We try to keep our feet very much on the ground—or at least one toe."

The New Pictures

Valley of the Eagles (Rank; Lippert), filmed largely in northern Scandinavia, is noteworthy for a breathtaking sequence in which Laplanders hunt wolves with giant trained eagles. Almost as dramatic is a reindeer stampede in a blizzard.

The nondocumentary portions of an otherwise plodding British-made film involve a chase by a police inspector and a scientist after the latter's wife and assistant, who have escaped with secret parts of his electronic invention. Just in time for the fadeout, the fugitives are conveniently buried in an avalanche. This leaves the scientist free to pursue his invention—as well as a beautiful Lapp girl, who has been getting warm glances from him during the trek over the frozen tundra.

Anything Can Happen (Paramount) might be subtitled *George Papashvily Discovers America*. What does happen: (1) George Papashvily (José Ferrer), a Don Quixote in a caracul cap, arrives in the

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U.S. via steerage from Kobianski, Russian Georgia, and greets the Statue of Liberty with the only English words he knows: "How are you?" 2) George shyly courts an American court stenographer* (Kim Hunter), and follows her to California in a motor caravan of fellow Georgians piloted by an ex-sea captain with a compass; 3) George winds up with both Kim and a California orange grove, proud to own a piece of "United States in America," where, as he puts it, "anything, anything at all, can happen."

The screenplay, by Director George Seaton and George Oppenheimer, has slicked up and sentimentalized the rather owlish, rough-hewn original story to make a folksy, affectionate film. As the immigrant who aspires to become a good American, horse-faced José Ferrer does his best job of movie acting to date. Eugenie



KIM HUNTER & JOSÉ FERRER
Only too much is ever enough.

Leontovich, Mikhail Rasumny, Kurt Kasznar and Oscar Karlweis are believably human and humorous as toast-quaffing, banquet-tossing Georgians.

"When you set table for Georgians, remember, only too much is ever enough," says white-haired Chef John (Oscar Berojian). For cinemagoers, *Anything Can Happen* is a hearty, well-flavored spread.

The Man in the White Suit (Rank: Universal-International) spins a colorful yarn out of whole cloth about a research chemist (Alec Guinness) who invents an artificial fabric that will never stain or wear out. The result is top-grade movie material with the quality of good British woolen, the frothiness of fine French lace.

The plot thread is woven into an imaginative cinematic pattern of slapstick and social comment. The chemist's discovery

* Loosely patterned after Helen Papashvily, who, with husband George, authored the 1944 bestseller on which the picture is based.

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alarms both capital & labor, which move to suppress it for fear the delicate balance of the market will be upset. Calm and sanity finally return to the textile industry when the inventor's white suit of miracle cloth falls apart, leaving him standing in the street in shirttails and drawers, a ludicrous and forlorn figure.

This spoof on a rather shabby world is stitched through with a wealth of humorous design by Authors Roger MacDougall, John Dighton and Co-Author-Director Alexander (*Tight Little Island*) Mackendrick: the series of explosions as the oblivious chemist experiments with his weird test-tube apparatus; the harassed high financiers embroiled in low comedy; the inventor walking off, Chaplin-like, at the fadeout, presumably to continue his single-minded quest for the magic fabric.

The role of the altruistic inventor who moves imperturbably through all the chaos is tailor-made for Alec (*The Lavender Hill Mob*) Guinness, with his sad, bland, foxy face. Deft sound-track embroidery: the rhythmical gurgles, bubbles, woofs and squirts of the test tubes that constantly point up the comic hubbub.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Encore. A new, expertly packaged trio of entertaining short stories by Somerset (*Trio, Quartet*) Maugham (TIME, April 7).

The Young and the Damned. A savage juvenile-delinquency drama with a largely amateur cast, filmed in Mexico by Spain's Luis Buñuel (TIME, March 31).

The African Queen. A prissy old maid (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat, hardship and the hangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolored version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 25).

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (*The Bicycle Thief*) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an unheroic English schoolteacher who turns hero in Terence Rattigan's Mr. Chips-in-reverse drama (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective squad room still swirls with melodrama under William Wyler's direction (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. A sprightly British spoof with Alec Guinness stealing the show as a prim bank employee who absconds with \$1,000,000 (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. Imaginative boy-meets-girl musical in Technicolor, with songs by George Gershwin, dances by Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).



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BOOKS

Black & Blue

Invisible Man [439 pp.]—Ralph Ellison—Random House (\$3.50).

Like any other Negro kid growing up in the South, Boy got the idea very fast: white is right. But he was a serious youngster, and sometimes the useful rule of thumb became confusing. When, for instance, the local big shots gave him a scholarship to a Negro college, his faith in the white man soared. But at the stag smoker where the scholarship was awarded, the men he looked up to forced him to look on while a naked blonde did a lascivious dance, and the town's best citizens got haywire drunk.

Invisible Man is a remarkable first novel that gives 38-year-old Ralph Ellison a claim to being the best of U.S. Negro writers.* It makes him, for that matter, an unusual writer by any standard. His story of one Negro's effort to find his place in the world becomes at times a picaresque nightmare, full of bravura scenes in the South and in Harlem that are as original as they are imaginative. Not even patches of overwriting and murky thinking can dull the final powerful effect. For *Invisible Man* is no simple catalogue of hard-luck adventures in a world where might is white. Before it is over, Novelist Ellison's hero can face up to one of life's bitterest questions, "How does it feel to be free of illusion?" and give an honest answer: "Painful and empty."

Grandfather Said, "Grin." The adventures of the unnamed hero (he is called Boy, or Brother) take on the near-heroic quality of a modern tragic Odyssey. Simple and idealistic, he hopes to become an educator, to help advance his people. He loves his college, has unquestioning respect for its famed Negro president and its millionaire Northern benefactors. He is sure that his slave grandfather must have been wrong when he laid down his deathbed formula for dealing with the whites: "Live with your head in the lion's mouth . . . Overcome 'em with yeses, undermine 'em with grins, agree 'em to death and destruction, let 'em swoller you till they vomit or bust wide open." But in his junior year, the visiting white philanthropist whose car he is driving asks to be taken off the usual showplace rounds. They spend part of the day at the shack of a Negro who has made his own daughter pregnant, wind up at a gin-mill brothel where the white millionaire learns some facts of Negro life that shake his dogdomism.

These misadventures, handled with fine flair and gusto by Author Ellison, end the boy's college career. Kicking him out for irresponsible conduct, the president admits that, to get where he is, he himself had "to act the nigger." He hands out

* Other leaders: Novelist Richard (*Native Son*) Wright, Poet Langston (*One Way Ticket*) Hughes, Novelist Willard (*We Fished All Night*) Motley.



ROY STEVENS

NOVELIST ELLISON
A man must be what he is.

some advice for the road: "You let the white folk worry about pride and dignity—you learn where you are and get your self power, influence."

Up North, after a humiliating first job in a paint factory, the boy winds up broke in Harlem. One day, watching the eviction of an aged Negro couple, he breaks into an impassioned speech to the crowd. It is the beginning of a new career. The "Brotherhood" (euphemism for the Communist Party) picks him up, makes a hero of him and gives him a job stirring up and organizing Negro resentment. Ideal-



ROBERT COHEN—AGIP

NOVELIST AYMÉ
Is a man what he looks to be?

ism and naiveté working overtime, Boy falls for the whole line. Adoring white women make passes at him, his fame spreads. Then, slowly, he makes the embarrassing discovery that the sufferings of the Negro mean nothing to the Brotherhood, that both he and his people are being used to promote "the line."

"You Digging Me, Daddy?" Author Ellison's Harlem scenes are done with dash and flavor, and the lingo is right: "Well, git with it! . . . You digging me, daddy? Haw, but look me up sometimes, I'm a piano player and a rouser, a whisky drinker and a pavement pounder. I'll teach you some good bad habits. You'll need 'em." Author Ellison knows all about the mountebanks and charlatans, political and otherwise, who prosper in Harlem, and his examples (especially Ras the Exhorter, who fancies himself as a black Messiah) are richly drawn. The book's final scene, a Harlem riot, has the sweep of an epic nightmare.

Not all Negroes are going to care for *Invisible Man*. Ellison, a Tuskegee graduate who has shined shoes and played first trumpet in a jazz band, obviously thinks little of Negroes who educate themselves beyond the point of sympathy for their underprivileged brethren. He has no prescriptions except that a Negro, or any man, had better learn to be what he is. "Whenever I discover who I am, I'll be free," says the boy. "I always tried to go in everyone's way but my own." At the end, the fog of his confusions lifting, Author Ellison's hero thinks of his slave grandfather, knows that, "Hell, he never had any doubts about his humanity—that was left to his 'free' offspring."

White-Collar Faust

The Second Face [182 pp.]—Marcel Aymé—Harper (\$2.50).

Until one fateful afternoon, Raoul Cérusier was just another middle-aged Frenchman. He was crowding 40, the owner of a broad, flat, commonplace face; full-blooded but rather proud of the fact that, give or take a little, he had always been true to his wife, a devoted father, and a hard worker at his lead business. Then, of a sudden, pretty women who had never wasted a glance on Raoul Cérusier began to look at him with every sign of intense interest. Without his having felt so much as a twitch, Raoul's face had suddenly changed into a handsome, sensitive one—the face of a 30.

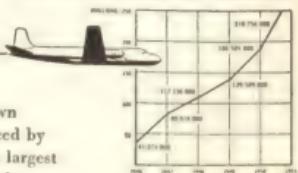
At this point, strangers to the novels of Marcel Aymé may very well decide that he is merely setting the stage for slapstick. But as readers of *The Barkeep of Blémont* and *The Miraculous Barber* have reason to know, Author Aymé is one of the most formidable ironists alive. He takes Lead Merchant Cérusier for a quicksilver ride among such big questions as: How much of life is essence and how much appearance? Is a man what he looks to be?

Hardheaded Raoul realizes that by one stroke he has lost wife, children, job, friends, everything dear (and respectable) in his life: if he announces that he

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is Cerusier, he will wind up in a strait-jacket. Simple enough to hire himself back into his business—but how to get back his wife and family? The only honest thing to do, he decides, is to seduce his own wife.

The scene in which Cerusier cuckolds himself, and can't decide whether to feel like a smug seducer or an outraged husband, is a very funny one. But there is more than comedy here. Cerusier sees in his wife that afternoon "a woman transformed . . . awakened for the first time," and he feels the same awakening in himself. But he cannot escape "a state of curious despair . . . I had seen my place empty under the sun, and I had a feeling that it was always so." He finds that his resistance to sexual temptation, of which he has been proud, was really nothing to brag about, after all—"The truth was that nothing had been offered me." The role of a white-collar Faust, in short, had its drawbacks.

Yet the minute he gets his old face back, Cerusier wails like a man who has fumbled a fortune. "God . . . offered me a way out . . . but not for an instant had I risen to the occasion. I had thought of nothing except to get back to . . . my former life." And he is not above riding it high & mighty over his erring wife. Ridiculous, ordinary, but very human, little Cerusier is one of the richest literary creations of the year.

Raging Briton

ROTTING HILL [307 pp.]—Wyndham Lewis—Regnery [\$3].

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SENTIMENTAL HYGIENICS

ROUSSEAUISMS (wild Nature cranks)

FRATERNING WITH MONKEYS

DIABOLICS—raptures and roses . . .

In 1914 Wyndham Lewis tried to rouse a whole generation of Englishmen with that manifesto, but Englishmen had every excuse for not paying attention. The manifesto appeared just as they were girding to meet the greater blast of World War I. Thirty-year-old Painter-Poet Lewis was soon in the army himself, and the authorities showed unusual imaginativeness by assigning him, as war artist, to the Canadian artillery at Vimy Ridge.

London's Imperial War Museum today houses many of the products of this period of the artist's life—spiked, devastated landscapes spotted with cubic gun pits, decorated with frieze-like rows of artillery shells, and peopled by angular, steel-helmeted robots. The postwar years showed that Wyndham Lewis conceived of peace in much the same terms as war. Nature, to him, was a savage, unruly landscape, to



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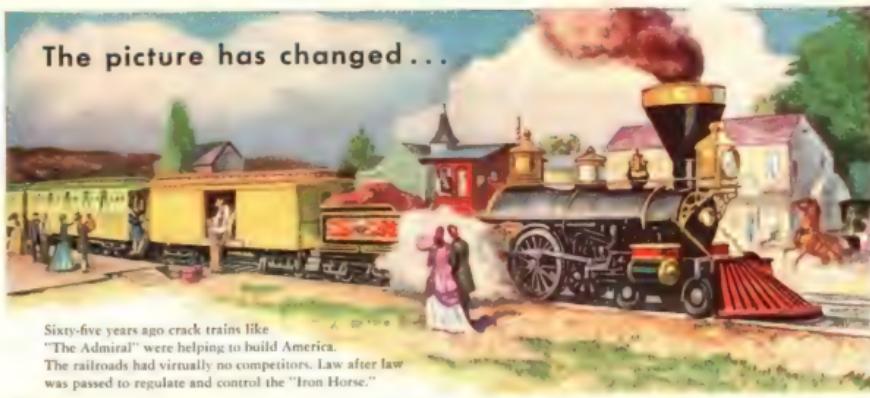
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be translated by the artist into what he called the "more tense and angular entity" of rational thought. He exclaimed:

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He attacks Mother Nature for a small fee . . .

He trims aimless and retrograde growths into CLEAN ARCHED SHAPES and ANGULAR PLOTS.

Big & Little Men. Boiling with energy, Painter Lewis had become a writer as well. In his first novel, *Terr* (1918), he tore into sentimentalism and romanticism. In poems, books (*The Art of Being Ruled, Time and Western Man*) and pamphlets, he attacked the little man, the big man and the "mass units" of democracy. A rogue male who belonged to no herd, no party, he was worshiped by a few and tolerated by many—until the fateful day when Adolf Hitler loomed up on the horizon and captivated him. "To my eternal



Brian Scott

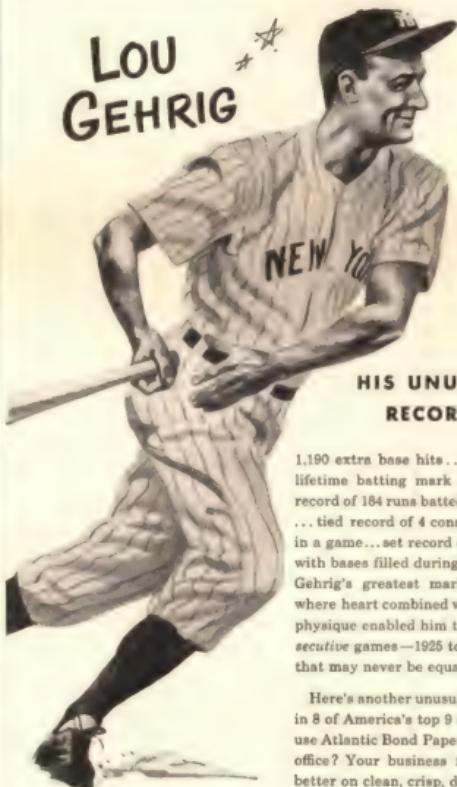
WYNDHAM LEWIS

Out of the dog house, a rogue male.

shame," groaned Lewis last year, "I . . . wrote that Hitler was a man of peace!"

His political blunder put Lewis in the dog house for a good many years. He broke loose by roving over Canada and the U.S. for eight years, returning to Britain only in 1948. Since then, with his novels re-issued and his paintings re-exhibited, his stock has slowly but steadily risen. One reason is that Britons have become more used to Lewis' honest vehemence, more conscious of the truths wrapped up in it. Another is that since 1949 he has suffered the worst fate that can befall a painter: the gradual loss of his sight.

The Dream-Blind. The sympathy of his fellow countrymen has not softened Blaster Lewis much. His newest book, *Rotting Hill*, is a volume of nine short stories—in which most of the stories are not stories at all. They are the polemics of an enraged preacher who is neither Labor nor Tory, Christian nor pagan, democrat nor aristocrat. Their aim is to tell



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1.	CHICAGO DAILY NEWS (E)	3,777,658
2.	Miami Herald (M)	3,429,942
3.	Houston Chronicle (E)	3,126,819
4.	Kansas City Times (M)	2,890,043
5.	New Orleans Times-Picayune (M)	2,646,457
6.	Dallas Times Herald (E)	2,681,284
7.	Milwaukee Journal (E)	2,437,584
8.	Cleveland Press (E)	2,429,102
9.	Minneapolis Star (E)	2,422,417
10.	Grand Rapids Press (E)	2,418,629

Includes: Retail Grocers, GROCERIES OF Department Stores, and General Groceries

Source: Media Records, Inc. Linage figures omitted.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

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British readers flatly that "our collective stupidity" is the only reason why Britain is "shabby, ill-fed, loaded with debt." The title is a typical Lewis play on the decayed London quarter of Notting Hill, where he now lives, and rot is the keynote of all the stories. At the roots of the rot are a decayed aristocracy, a "disintegrating middle-class" and "the laziest workmen in Europe." Six years of Labor government, Lewis believes, may have left the underdog better off, but they have also loosed a flood of delusive dreams. And now the man in the street is dream-blind to the "universal wreckage and decay" that surrounds him. Examples:

¶ In *The Bishop's Fool*, an art-loving clergyman wants to buy a painting from Wyndham Lewis. But Lewis soon discovers that the Rev. Mr. Rymer is in many ways a typical Church of England parson of the postwar period. He supports a wife and daughter on \$6 a week (about \$17), and allows himself five shillings pocket money. "Dressed in garments literally dropping to pieces . . . [he] is one of the first English clergymen to stand for poverty and want. And as he moves around . . . doors shut quickly at his approach as if he were infected with some complaint . . ." Is it not a rotten society, Lewis asks, which raises the wages of the worker but lets the spiritual shepherd become "the village bum"? The danger is that, in its hour of triumph, socialism will forget "the ethics by means of which it was able to mount to power," and substitute "a violent caricature of the Hegelian State for the City of God."

¶ In *Time the Tiger*, Lewis shows the denizens of Rotting Hill making pots of tea out of rationed pinches of "alleged Darjeeling" and "pseudo-Ceylon," sawing slices of "brick" that pass for bread and devouring them with a strawberry jam made of "pectine and/or carrot pulp." Rotting Hillers put on shirts whose holes are too small for the buttons, shoes whose government-controlled laces are just too short to meet in a bow, tweeds that give off a stench of "ersatz peat." After vainly attempting to trim their nails with scissors made "of a metal formerly unknown to cutlery," they step forth to face another day—each man so beset with petty exasperations that he has become "a potential outlaw."

¶ In *The Room Without a Telephone*, Lewis shows that he can be a brilliant writer of formally constructed short stories when he pleases. He tells a hilarious tale about a Rotting Hill esthetic who detests the National Health Service and chooses to have his operation in a nursing home run by nuns. The all-round Irish atmosphere goes to his head: hosts of "stunted female goossons" make his bed to the tune of "an incessant hissing"; outside his door, "hundreds of Hibernian gnomes were charging up & down the corridor, with food, flowers, bedpans and hot-water bottles." When Esthete Eldred gets back to Rotting Hill, he has adopted the Mother Superior's habit of staring into the distance and twirling her thumbs, and is all set to add to the pre-

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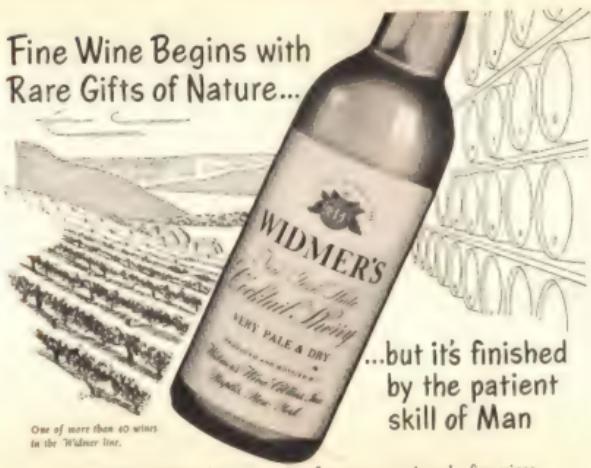
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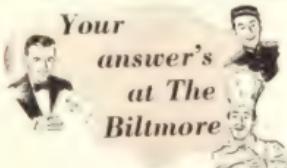


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vailing confusion by posing as a convert. In *The Rot*, the theme is reduced to its essence when Lewis' own house begins to crumble from dry rot. Carpenters and plasterers ("the merriest, noisiest, laziest in this bankrupt land") burst in upon Lewis and his wife and celebrate the triumph of the Welfare State by hacking the place to pieces. Their destructive joy reminds Lewis that he, too, is involved with the collapsing middle class—"the dry-rotted yes-people who are clay in the hands of carpenters." Today, he reflects, it is he and his class who are disintegrating under hammer blows; but tomorrow, when the Welfare "honeymoon" is over, will it not be the turn of the workers of Rotting Hill?

Wyndham Lewis has written better books than *Rotting Hill*, but these stories show that he has lost none of his genius for laying a horny forefinger on his subjects. They are full of the "tense and angular entity" of reality, and they are also the work of a man who, exiled to what he calls "the land of blindman's buff," has taken his humor and courage along. His worst enemies respect the man who has said of his fate as a painter, "I have often thought that it would solve a great many problems if English painters were born blind"; and of his future as a writer, "Well, Milton had his daughters, I have my Dictaphone."

Ecco Roma!

ROME AND A VILLA (315 pp.)—Eleanor Clark—Doubleday (\$4).

Aeneas never wrote a book about Rome, but hosts of subsequent travelers have more than repaired the oversight. The latest of the books about Rome is by a novelist named Eleanor Clark, and it is well worth reading. Traveler Clark saunters around Rome with her senses peeled, and lets the city work on her.

"Ecco Roma!" is her invocation. "A city of hells and hills and walls; of many trees nordic and tropical together, pine, ilex, and palm, and water and a disturbing depth of shadows; of acres of ruins, some handsome, some shabby lumps and dumps of useless masonry, sprinkled through acres of howling modernity—an impossible compounding of time, in which no century has respect for any other and all hit you in a jumble at every turn."

Flashing neon lights surround Bernini's 17th century Triton fountain. A "surgical incision" in the side of a spandy new apartment house preserves an antique pillar. The Forum, "that lovely lake of time," is lit up at night like a model house. "The place is crawling with wires." Yet despite all this "enormity of the specific"—or perhaps directly through it—Rome makes its power felt in the beholder. "The city has its own language in time, its own vocabulary for the eye, for which nothing else was any preparation . . . It is . . . a vast untidiness peopled with characters and symbols so profound that they join the imagery of your own dreams . . . Rome is everybody's memory."

Author Clark includes a good many de-



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Gossip can pay off handsomely

Don't discount gossip. Small talk can destroy the reputations of people and products. But gossip has constructive power, too.

If your company or your brand is the beneficiary of favorable gossip, it can pay off handsomely for you. It can help to make friends for your company and customers for your brand. Charged with favorable facts, gossip can help create an enviable reputation for your company.

How to Encourage Favorable Gossip

The one proven means of promoting favorable judgments and equally favorable word-of-mouth advertising is to furnish people with facts — *all the facts*. Tell them about every major and minor advantage of your brand. Tell them fully and in satisfying detail. And, above all, tell them *in print*. For then your sales story will live on in stable form, always available for instant reference.

Attractive booklets, brochures, broadsides, folders and catalogs are potent selling tools. They can remove doubt and hesitation from a prospect's mind. They can answer questions and create preference for your brand. Furthermore, they can continue to sell for you whether or not you have established person-to-person contact with your prospect.

Your Ally — A Good Printer

With a good printer at your side, you will find the creation of effective printed pieces a simpler and more economical task. But don't delay calling him in. He can apply his skill and experience with the greatest profit to you only if you permit him to step into the picture *right at the start*. The secret of working successfully with a printer is to consult him early and to coordinate his efforts closely with yours from beginning to end.

The quality of printing paper used on your job is a vital factor in determining the quality of your finished pieces. But this need not concern you, for your printer will specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers in all probability. He knows that he can trust Warren papers to help produce the finest printing results for you. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

BETTER PAPER — BETTER PRINTING

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Printing Papers

scriptions of Roman churches ("It is all physical and close; God is not up in any Gothic shadows . . . The Anglo-Saxon, hunting everywhere for French cathedrals, feels his mind threatened like a lump of sugar in a cup of tea"). She also has a lot to say about the modern Romans ("Their voices carry like rockets . . . An American . . . feels exposed . . ."). And she tries very



Eileen Dorby—Graphic House

TRAVELER CLARK

She kept her senses peeled.

hard to evoke the past in her description of Hadrian's ruined villa at Tivoli.

In sum, *Rome and a Villa* is a brilliant piece of traveler's impressionism, written with verbal polish. Though it will mean more to people who have visited Rome, the book can still excite those who have not; it summons up, like a good translation, the spirit of the original.

RECENT & READABLE

The Struggle for Europe, by Chester Wilmot. An exceptionally well-written history of World War II, by an Englishman provocatively critical of U.S. generalship and diplomacy (TIME, March 31).

Look Down in Mercy, by Walter Baxter. A strong, tough-grained first novel about the collapse of a British army captain in Burma (TIME, March 17).

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

Grand Right and Left, by Louis Koenenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his compulsions as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

The Duke of Galldoro, by Aubrey Menen. Light sardonicities about a reprobate Englishman, his sleepy Italian town and the Mediterranean way of life (TIME, Feb. 18).

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the *Rebecca* country 100 or more years ago (TIME, Feb. 11).



His hands say, *"Go Ahead America"*

"Go ahead!" "Stay in clear!" "Head in!" "Take it to the main line!" These pictures show how the signal man's hands speak a language to the engineers who run the ore haulage trains along 160 miles of track in Kennecott Copper Corporation's vast Utah mine.

He is one of Kennecott's huge family of workers mining, transporting, milling and refining copper which America so urgently needs.

Kennecott men in Utah, New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona . . . in Chile and Canada . . . are trained to make the most of the natural resources entrusted to them. And Kennecott backs them up with the finest equipment to keep vital metals coming faster and faster.

KENNECOTT
COPPER CORPORATION

Fabricating Subsidiaries:
CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.
KENNECOTT WIRE & CABLE CO.

**Craftsmanship calls for
COOLITE
Heat Absorbing and Glare
Reducing Glass
Protects Skilled Eyes and Hands**



Architect—J. N. Pease & Co.,
Charlotte, N. C.

Gen'l Contractor—Inge-Hayman
Constr. Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas

Glassing Contractor—Pittsburgh
Plate Glass Co., Charlotte, N. C.



**Kroehler, Famous Name in Furniture,
Chooses COOLITE GLASS by Mississippi**

Kroehler Manufacturing Co. safeguards the high quality of its famous furniture by flooding workrooms with filtered daylight. Three exposures in this modern factory are glazed with 5800 square feet of Coolite, Heat Absorbing and Glare Reducing Glass. The precise workmanship of the woodworking shop and careful skill of the sewing department would be difficult to maintain under the eye-fatiguing glare of raw sunlight. But Glare Reducing Coolite strains out the unwanted properties in natural light . . . floods rooms with softened illumination that aids seeing tasks . . . keeps interiors more comfortable by helping to absorb solar heat rays.

Coolite has a refreshing, cool, blue-green color, modern in appearance. It reduces maintenance . . . no painted windows, makeshift shields or bothersome blinds. If you are planning new construction or modernizing existing facilities, investigate Coolite. See how it can provide increased efficiency and economy for you. Get in touch with your nearby Mississippi Glass distributor today.

Mississippi offers a wide variety of patterns in translucent, figured and wired glass. All are scientifically designed to distribute daylight to best advantage. "Visioneer" your buildings with glass by Mississippi.

Send for free catalog, "Coolite Heat Absorbing and Glare Reducing Glass." Samples on request.

MISSISSIPPI *glass* **COMPANY**

88 ANGELICA ST. SAINT LOUIS 7, MO.
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • FULLERTON, CALIF.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ROLLED, FIGURED AND WIRED GLASS



MISCELLANY

Perpetual Motion. In Brisbane, Australia, Edward Eugene Elzery, jailed for the 588th time for drunkenness, philosophized: "A bloke's like a concertina—if he's not coming in he's coming out."

Age Limit. In Boston, Robert Tucker fed liquor to his three-year-old son Anthony, was found innocent of contributing to the child's delinquency when a court ruled that the state statute applies only to children 7 to 17.

Feathered Friends. In Mansfield, Ohio, police found two fat hens under the coat of a man who insisted: "I was walking down the street and they followed me."

Sound Investment. In Long Beach, Calif., Mrs. Agnes Roche, 39, divorcee with eight children, was swamped with answers to her newspaper ad offering to marry "a nice man who wants a lot of income-tax exemptions."

The Company He Keeps. In Utica, N.Y., Figaro, pet cat at the Moser & Cotins advertising agency, began to look sick, was found to be suffering from ulcers.

Status of Man. In Geneva, Switzerland, John G. S. Beith of Great Britain, the lone male delegate at opening sessions of the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women, uttered not one word.

Bed of Thorns. In Detroit, Mrs. Raymond Kidd won a divorce after testifying that her husband tossed her into her mother's rosebush, told her: "Your mother can have you back."

Reveille. In Birmingham, England, Ephraim Morgan got a divorce from his 47-year-old wife on grounds of cruelty after he charged that she vacuumed the floor outside his bedroom door every day at 4 a.m.

Static. In Philadelphia, an annual Friends report, chiding local Quakers for too much talk and not enough meditation at recent meetings, maintained there was "no chance for God to get a word in."

With Reservations. In Tampa, local boosters loudly boasted of 352 days of sunshine every year, put on a Chamber of Commerce Day, and were rained out.

Beyond the Call. In Toledo, a man who insisted that he was a "civilian" being threatened with a law suit, telephoned Civil Defense Director James W. Ault and asked to be defended.

Top Secret. In Milwaukee, when Joseph R. Cook was asked to take his cap off in a public-library reading room, he angrily ripped up newspapers and magazines, finally explained to police that he didn't want to muss his hair, was found to be nearly bald.

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT!



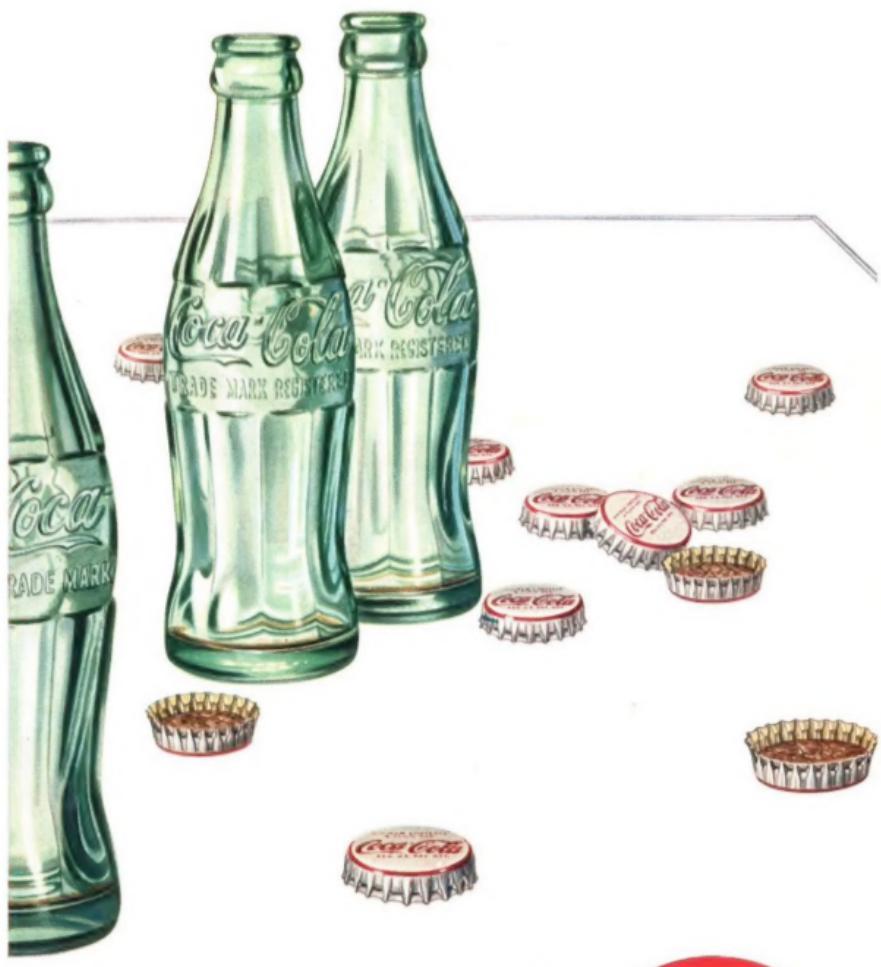
THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. There's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest whiskey ever distilled. Then, for long and quiet years Time does what Time alone can do for whiskey... ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body, enriches its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD





Hospitality can be so easy

